

Sports Illustrated

JULY 20, 1981 \$1.50

STARTING OVER

Quarterback
Vince Ferragamo



Introducing

BARCLAY

Menthol



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*The pleasure
is back
in menthol.*



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99% tar free.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

*Also available
in Menthol 100's*

Kings, 1 mg. "tar", 0.2 mg. nicotine,
100's, 3 mg. "tar", 0.4 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.





*"Good news, J.B.! I think this will solve
our copier collating problems!"*

For some copiers, you really do need
rollerskates. Load here. Keyboard there. Dash around
to pull out copies. Run back for the originals.

The way a Kodak copier is designed,
you get a lot less exercise, but a lot more efficiency.
Stand right in front of the copier. Position originals,
give instructions and pick up copies (and what
great copies they are—people say they're the best
in the business). You can even make two-sided, col-
lated and stapled sets. Right in front.

May we demonstrate?

Write: Eastman Kodak Company,
CO 1413, Rochester, N.Y. 14650

**Kodak copiers... you don't need
roller skates to run them.**



Kodak Ekthoprint 150AF copier-duplicator

**Introducing life insurance that keeps
up with inflation—automatically.**



When the cost of living goes up, your life insurance coverage should go up, too. Otherwise your family will no longer have all the protection it needs.

Too much trouble, you say? And too costly? Well, as a New York Life Agent, I've got good news for you. New York Life now offers a brand new option that will take care of increasing your coverage—automatically.

You don't have to ask for the added protection each year. You don't have to take a physical exam or fill out a form. All you have to do is

sign up for this option when you buy a popular New York Life cash-value policy.

Then, we'll automatically increase the face value of your policy any year the Consumer Price Index rises, as long as the increase in your policy amounts to at least \$500.

The premiums you pay for this increase are less than those for a new policy. So you not only keep up with inflation, but get a little relief from it, too.

Ask me. Your New York Life Agent.



Ask me

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YORK
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Editorial Services: [Name obscured]

Copy Processing: [Name obscured]

Publisher: [Name obscured]

Associate Publisher & Advertising Sales Director: [Name obscured]

Advertising Sales Manager: [Name obscured]

Business Manager: [Name obscured]

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (ISSN 0271-5558) is published weekly except one week in February, 1981, when it is published bi-weekly. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to Sports Illustrated, Attention: Fulfillment, P.O. Box 518, Hightstown, NJ 08520. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and at additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to Sports Illustrated, Attention: Fulfillment, P.O. Box 518, Hightstown, NJ 08520.

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FROM SKINNY LOSER TO BIG WINNER GET YOUR UNWEATABLE BODY

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



ROGIN (REAR) IN '61: A BAD TRIP ON A GOOD SHIP

In her article about the yawl *Santana*, which begins on page 52, Sarah Pileggi observes that had architects Tom and Ted Eden not restored the old boat, *Santana* would today be only a glorious memory—in Pileggi's mind, for one; she fondly remembers having *Santana*, or a boat that her companions said was *Santana*, pointed out to her when she was a child of 13 living in Southern California.

Others of us, most particularly Managing Editor Gilbert Rogin, have until now recalled the yawl more as she figured in a piece Rogin himself wrote 20 years ago, an account of the 1961 Trans-Pacific race from San Pedro, Calif. to Honolulu. But the story behind that story has never been told, at least in print.

Our boating editor at the time was Ezra Bowen, currently editor of Stonehenge Press, a Time Inc. subsidiary, who said last week that in no way is he sorry about the whole thing. On the contrary, he says, it was obviously a great idea.

The great idea consisted of arranging for young Rogin to crew on *Santana* in the aforementioned race without telling her captain and crew that Rogin was a total landlubber. "I boobylegged him aboard," Bowen recalls with satisfaction. "If I'd told them he couldn't sail, they'd never have taken him, and I knew the fact that he couldn't would give him a marvelous slant on the race. I also knew that if they threw him off the boat he could swim. He's a marvelous swimmer."

Rogin is a marvelous swimmer. "I

love the water," he says, adding, with a resentment undimmed by 20 years, "but I don't like to be in a little chip of wood on it. I don't like to be under the water. I don't like to be on top of the water. I like to be in it. Ezra said, 'How would you like to go to Hawaii?' and I said, 'Terrific,' and he said, 'There's a catch.' I thought he meant I'd have to fly coach—in those days everyone flew first class—but he said, 'You're going by boat.'"

Bowen points out that, in fact, he enlightened Rogin even further. "I chartered this thing that was rigged like *Santana* for a day sail," he says, "because I wanted Gil to know the front from the back, and how to go to the bathroom." Bowen didn't, however, enlighten the crew of the *Santana*.

"I went to the pre-race banquet," Rogin says, "and it quickly became clear to the other crew members that I was an utter novice. Everybody had supposed I could sail, and when it became clear that I knew nothing, a substantial chill descended on the table. And anger. They were stuck with me. And I, of course, was stuck with them." There was a light in this darkness: "The guy who saved me and became a friend was Babe Lamerdin [*Santana's* professional skipper on that occasion]. He made the whole trip bearable, to the minute degree that it was."

Rogin, a highly personal writer—what Rogin sees is what you get—turned in his story, and one must conclude that Bowen, however despicable, was right—the piece *did* have a different slant. But Rogin had found that he detested sailing, and therefore didn't have much to say for *Santana*. That was left to Pileggi. It is she who has, in the largest sense, rescued that wonderful boat. Thanks to her, *Santana* will live in the minds of thousands of you who may never, until this week, have even heard of her.

Philip D. Hawkes

Sports Illustrated

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SCORECARD

Edited by JOHN PAPANKE

A MOCKERY OF JUSTICE

During his six-day trial in New Mexico State District Court on 22 counts of fraud and filing false public vouchers, Norm Ellenberger, the 49-year-old former New Mexico basketball coach who was dismissed in 1979 after a player's academic transcript was found to be falsified (SL Dec. 10, 1979 *et seq.*), never denied billing the university for more than \$6,000 worth of travel expenses the prosecution alleged were illegitimate. Instead, Ellenberger insisted that he did no wrong, that his superiors at the school knew what he was up to, and even condoned his actions in the interest of ensuring success for the New Mexico basketball team. Furthermore, Ellenberger testified that all the "extra money" in question was used to help support the program.

Apparently the 12-member jury paid more heed to Prosecutor Stephen Westheimer, who asserted that Ellenberger was little more than a "confidence man" involved in a "classic white-collar crime scheme." The jury acquitted Ellenberger of the charge that he cheated former Assistant Coach Charlie Harrison out of \$3,000 from a \$4,000 check that the Lobo Club, a booster organization, intended as a bonus for Harrison. But it returned guilty verdicts on 21 counts of "double-dipping." To wit: The money paid to Ellenberger by the school was for trips he either did not take or that were already paid for by an outside company.

Ellenberger could have received a sentence of as much as 105 years in prison from Judge Phillip D. Basamonte, though no one expected him to serve time. But, then, no one expected the featherly tap on the wrist he got from the judge, either. Basamonte deferred Ellenberger's sentence pending one year's unsupervised probation, upon successful completion of which all counts will be dismissed, and Ellenberger was not directed to make restitution to the university. The judge's leniency led jury foreman Clifford Maricle, a retired truck driver, to say, "I nearly fell out of my chair."

Some excerpts from Basamonte's statement:

- "How fair is it to incarcerate a coach who is basically doing what almost everybody in this community wanted him to do? Namely, win basketball games at any cost and by whatever means necessary to do that. Naturally, the rules and laws were bent. Is anyone really surprised?"
- "If colleges and universities are going to conduct, in effect, minor league but professional basketball and football games and maintain those clubs, they cannot be heard to complain when things go wrong."
- "I'm being asked to sentence a man because he got caught, not because his conduct was unacceptable. . . . The State is asking that the Defendant be treated like a common criminal, even though that same State benefited from his conduct to the extent of several hundred thousand dollars a year."

Naturally, Ellenberger walked away smiling, just as coaches elsewhere—especially former Arizona Football Coach Tony Mason, who is currently undergoing a similar trial—are no doubt smiling. And why shouldn't they? The NCAA has done precious little to enforce its own rules of conduct. Now a state court has endorsed cheating as being "part of the system." If Ellenberger, one of the most prominent manipulators of that system, isn't punished, who should be?

Cheating is unacceptable, period, and Basamonte could have used his platform to say so. Those institutions that cannot compete at the highest levels of collegiate sport without resorting to bending or breaking rules shouldn't attempt to. It's tiresome to keep hearing coaches like Ellenberger referring to themselves as "victims."

In an editorial entitled "Ellenberger No Hero," *The Albuquerque Tribune* said, "If [Ellenberger] was a victim, it was of his own ambition, his lack of principle, and his own futile desire to pin the rap on someone else. . . . [Ellenberger] thought he could fool this jury into think-

ing that it was OK to fake airplane rides paid for by the University. Well, the jury didn't buy it."

"Norm Ellenberger has done this community a great disservice. He now has an opportunity to make some amends—by leaving town."

A DAY AT THE ROACHES

It has long been held in physiological circles that the stamina of a long-distance runner is directly related to the efficiency with which he consumes oxygen. Biologists believe that larger animals—say, horses—get better oxygen economy than smaller ones, like linebackers. But, until recently, the question of whether extra



legs improve a runner's efficiency has never been fully explored.

To that end, Dr. Clyde F. Herreid II and two associates have been conducting miniature track meets in a lab at the State University of New York at Buffalo with an assortment of invertebrates, including tarantulas, centipedes and millipedes. The researchers started with land crabs, making them race on a foot-long motorized treadmill with tiny oxygen masks glued over their mouths. When the scientists raced hermit crabs, which house themselves in empty sea snail shells of varying sizes, it was found that the heavier the shell the crabs carried, the more oxygen they used. But once the shell got to be heavier than the crab, no greater amount of oxygen was used than if the shell was the same weight as the crab. "If we knew what they were doing," says Herreid, "it might have a great

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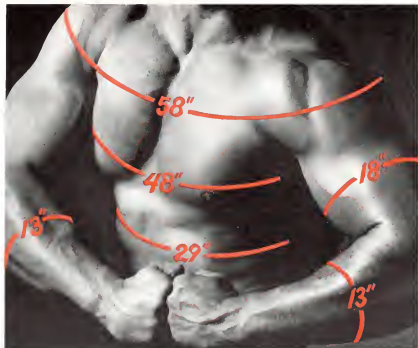
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But most of Herred's recent work has concerned your basic six-legged cockroach. "They're small and easy to find, and you don't need their permission," he says. The roaches ran in 20-minute heats, though sometimes Herred would have the better endurance runners on the course for up to an hour. "After that," he says, "we got bored. Who wants to watch a cockroach jog for an hour?" A roach would be disqualified if it flipped over, became agitated, recalcitrant or got tangled up in the test apparatus. "Roaches are just like humans," says Herred. "Some are wonderful sprinters, some are great at marathons, while others have trouble just crossing the starting line."

(Cockroach racing has a long and hoary tradition. The diversion was all the rage in the early '30s in France, where sportsmen would bet thousands of francs on each roach race at the swank Riviera resort of Juan-les-Pins.)

In the Buffalo lab, the research team clocked all the roaches' times, and of the three species used, the *Periplaneta americana*—the inner-city roach known to most of us by one of its less printable names—turned out to be the best athlete, several times faster than the runner-up, *Gromphadorhina portentosa*, the Third World worm from Madagascar.

Herred's conclusion: "The number of legs doesn't seem to make much difference in terms of energy efficiency." Herred plans to extend his studies to ants, grasshoppers and kangaroos, but he has yet to fully examine the problems of racing roaches. For instance, should they turn pro? And if so, how do they overcome their repugnant image and get endorsements? Then there is the age-old problem of the loneliness of the long-distance cockroach. But all this wonderment opens up another can of worms, which, of course, have no legs at all.

GREBEYESE

As negotiations to end the baseball strike sputtered along last week apparently on the road to nowhere, some interesting contradictions turned up in the rhetoric of Ray Grebey, the owners' chief negotiator. His credibility took a particularly severe beating during a National Labor Relations Board hearing in New York in which Grebey testified against an unfair labor practice charge that the Players Association has filed against the owners. The players, arguing that the strike is

really a matter of money as far as the owners are concerned, have asked that the owners be required to open the teams' books to prove the clubs' economic hardship; the owners, hoping to avoid submitting their ledgers to scrutiny, have countered by contending that the strike issue—the owners' demand for compensation when losing free agents—is grounded in a desire to maintain competitive balance and isn't at all linked to finances. If that's the case, asked George Cohen, the players' Washington-based attorney, how come so many of Grebey's statements during the past three years have touched on little but the precarious financial status of the clubs?

In cross-examination, Cohen asked Grebey about a March 18, 1979 *Boston Herald American* article in which Grebey was quoted as saying, "I've found that most of the clubs I've talked to have financial troubles." Grebey at first denied making the statement and then said, "I don't recall."

Cohen: "You don't know whether it's accurate or not because you can't recall whether or not you said it?"

Grebey: "That's right."

Cohen then cited an Aug. 4, 1979 *Los Angeles Times* article in which Grebey said the baseball industry had become "a sick cow. We haven't produced any milk [profits] for six years. Sixteen clubs lost money last year." Grebey said he couldn't recall the "sick cow" quote and claimed he couldn't have said that 16 teams lost money because "I wouldn't have known that." Yet, an article about Grebey in last spring's issue of the *Kenyon College* (Grebey's alma mater) *Alumni Bulletin* suggests that he did. Wrote History Professor Reed Browning, using information provided by Grebey, "Major league baseball does not generate enough revenue to sustain the game as we now know it. . . . No less than eight major league franchises suffered after-tax losses of more than \$2 million in 1978."

At the NLRB hearing, Grebey was asked if, after meeting with club officials, he sought to learn how they wanted to keep salaries down.

Grebey: "No. I started formulating the collective bargaining policy."

Cohen: "Your bargaining policy had nothing to do with escalating salaries?"

Grebey: "It had something to do with it."

After struggling with his memory over another newspaper quote, Grebey said,

"Even if I said . . . I don't think I'd make a statement like that."

If you're confused, think how the players must feel.

PINK IDEAS

Dick Young, columnist for the *New York Daily News* and a longtime ally of baseball management, has railed about what he views as the leftward leanings of many of his sportswriting colleagues since the baseball strike began. Wrote Young on June 21, "Some newsmen's views are so far left they should be writing for Tass."

One reason Young often cites for opposing liberal free agency for players is that teams invest great sums of money in player development, via the farm system. Young might be interested to learn that the Soviets seem to think along similar party lines. In 1972 the U.S.S.R. instituted a Diploma Tax designed primarily to keep Jewish intellectuals from "jumping" to other countries unless they paid as much as \$60,000, the cost of Moscow's investment in their educations. But the tax received bad press and is no longer being applied.

As for those writers Young believes should apply for work with Tass, they can forget it. Not a word about the strike has been reported by the Soviet news agency. Says Tass New York correspondent Mike Beglov, "Baseball is not too much popular in our country."

BEASLEY, EASILY

A 27-year-old versus an 8-year-old over 165 yards doesn't sound like much of a race until you consider that the contestants were Beasley Reece, a safety for the New York Giants, and Super Kris, a pacer. Last week at Monticello Raceway, man beat horse for the second time in two meetings, by half a horse length. "The poor horse has to win sometime," said Reece. Maybe not. Super Kris has never won a race against horses, much less humans, in 93 starts.

THEY SAID IT

• Frank Boggs, *Colorado Springs Sun* sports editor: "During my career I have covered four professional teams on a full-time basis—the Dallas Cowboys, the San Diego Chargers, the Denver Broncos and the University of Oklahoma Sooners."

• Cheryl Kratzert, wife of professional golfer Bill Kratzert, on why they married, divorced and then remarried: "We took a mulligan."



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CAST OF THE THOUSAND

Three dramatic acts: Seb Coe sets world mark, Ben Plucknett sets—and loses—one and Steve Ovett looks back in languor

by CRAIG NEFF

In Stockholm's Olympic Stadium on Tuesday of last week, while 16,000 spectators roared approval for a young Swede who was winning the 400 meters, Ben Plucknett, would-be American folk hero—and soon-to-be tragic hero—methodically planted himself in the discus ring. He was unnoticed; to the extent that a 6' 7", 287-pound man with a full red beard can go unnoticed. But when his discus sailed out over the devoted infield, landing well onto virgin turf, the crowd let loose a new burst of cheers, and Wolfgang Schmidt, his preeminent East German rival, rushed to the circle to shake Plucknett's hand. For a moment Plucknett, a 27-year-old farm boy from Beatrice, Neb., didn't know what all the fuss was about. The only thing he'd sensed was "severe back pain from the torque" of his effort. Then Schmidt cleared matters up. "Congratulations," he said. "You've made a world record."

As it turned out, Plucknett's prodigious toss—237' 4", nearly four feet beyond the previous world record, which he set in Modesto, Calif. in May—was the first in a succession of remarkable performances in Stockholm, Milan and Oslo last week that

continued

Coe dropped everyone on his 1,000-meter run but picked up a big crowd for his victory trot





surpassed three major track and field records and threatened others. It also could have been Plucknett's last great moment. Six days later the International Amateur Athletic Federation announced that it was banning him from competition for life and nullifying his record-breaking throws because "a measure of anabolic steroids were present" in a urine sample taken at a January meet in New Zealand. Although Plucknett can't appeal for 18 months, other athletes have been reinstated after similar prohibition.

Shortly after the IAAF announcement last Monday, Plucknett called his coach, Richard Marks, and insisted he wasn't worried. "Ben said there have been a number of procedural screw-ups with the samples," said Marks. "After the New Zealand meet he was told that the tests would be complete in four weeks, and that if he didn't hear anything then, that everything was all right. They've either mixed up the samples, or they've been tampered with. Ben is not on steroids. Ben has never been on steroids."

Things were better on the track, where the most hallowed of American marks, the 3:51.1 mile run by 20-year-old Jan Ryun back in 1967, was shattered, as was Sebastian Coe's 1980 world record of 2:13.40 for 1,000 meters. The world mile and 1,500 records barely survived. They not only could have gone, they *should* have. The happiest development was the news that Coe and Steve Ovett, the pre-potent British rivals, will finally race against each other this summer in the Golden Mile, Aug. 28 in Brussels.

The focus of the Stockholm meet had figured to be not Plucknett but a dazzling 1,500 that would include Coe, Steve Scott, Eamonn Coghlan and Tom Byers. Coe figured to attack Ovett's 3:31.36 world record for the distance, though he was getting no help from the meet director. First, no one at trackside would be allowed to call out lap times to the runners. Then the start of the 1,500 was delayed 23 minutes while winners of other events were interviewed over the P.A. system. Worst of all, the designated pace-

setter got sick. He was replaced by James Robinson, America's top half-miler but inexperienced as a rabbit.

Robinson took Coe through a blazing 52.43 first lap and a 1:49.18 for 800 meters—each three seconds faster than the splits Coe had wanted—thereby destroying any hope of a record. Still, Coe finished well ahead of the field in 3:31.95, only .59 of a second off the record. He was furious. "You have very few performances like this in your life, and this one was wasted," he said. "Everything else was right. But the organization turns out to be a bit of a mess all around."

Plucknett, by contrast, was "ecstatic." Or at least that was what he told his 5-foot, 105-pound girl friend, Rose Ramos, when he called her in San Jose, Calif., at 6 a.m. the next morning. Reporters, he said, had surrounded him, which says something in itself.

In America, Plucknett has never received much attention, except at the 1980 Olympic Trials, at which he became the villain for knocking then-43-year-old Al Oerter out of the third and final spot on the U.S. team. He celebrated that achievement more wildly than usual, taking a modest leap and even raising his arms briefly in exultation. Plucknett is shy, carefully polite, even stoic. He's part of a family that moved to Beatrice (be-AT-ress) in the early 1850s, some of his relatives still farm the original family acreage. Plucknett began his education in a one-room schoolhouse and from his earliest days spent spare hours caring for cattle and operating the irrigation system in the corn and milo fields. Nowadays he does building-maintenance work for the Canteen Corporation in San Jose, where he moved after graduating from the University of Missouri, with such quiet efficiency that his co-workers hardly know he's around. Plucknett's conscientiousness once got him into trouble. While working as a bouncer at a bar, he refused entry to two teen-agers. They came back and one shot him twice in the stomach. Big Ben still wouldn't let them in.

That Plucknett would apparently add to his world record at Stockholm wasn't a surprise; the distance he added certainly was. His May record had surpassed Schmidt's 1978 mark of 233' 5" by just two inches and had come at a windy meet in which nine of 21 throwers had achieved personal bests. He weighed 309 that day but the European travel and food

In his finest—and perhaps final—moment in the limelight, Plucknett surpassed the discus record



had pared him down to 287 by the time he reached Stockholm. "I've seen him anywhere from 238 to 317 [pounds]," says Ramos. "He changes sizes a lot. Sometimes, like right before my eyes."

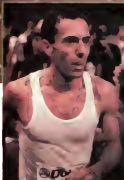
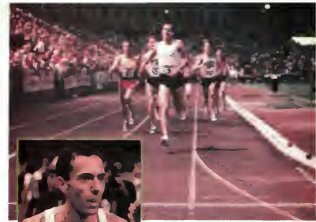
The European season heated up Wednesday night in Milan, where Ovett matched Coe's 1,500 time exactly—3:31.95. Ovett was clearly prepared for the Dream Mile in Oslo's Bislett Stadium on Saturday.

But first Coe would run the 1,000 meters at Bislett, and again he had problems. This time he was upset not only at the meet director but also at the IAAF. When Coe and his father, Peter, had offered to enter Seb against Ovett in the Dream Mile, they were turned down. That decision presumably pleased the IAAF, which organizes the "Golden" series of races and preferred to save the Coe-Ovett confrontation for Brussels. Further, IAAF General Secretary John Holt issued a warning—obviously directed at Coe—that his federation would strictly enforce its pace-setting rule, which, in effect, says that if a rabbit drops out after completing his lap or two, no record can be recognized for that race.

And finally, the quality of the competition in the 1,000 had deteriorated drastically from what had been expected. "We nearly went home when we saw the field," said Peter Coe. "I told Arne [Haukvik, the meet promoter] that I thought it was an insult to Seb."

Forty-five minutes before the start of the 1,000, 400-meter hurdler James King, who had just finished third in his own event, agreed to set the pace for Coe, IAAF warning or not. After bringing the Briton around in 51.4 for the first lap, he peeled off to the outside of the track. Some observers say he finished; some say he didn't. Half-miler Rob Harrison of Britain then took over as rabbit and pushed Coe to the 600-meter mark. Harrison, too, was accused of failing to complete the race, though as with King, the IAAF will have to be the official judge.

Coe was now on his own and was obviously having another of those "very few performances." This one wouldn't be wasted, however. Striding smoothly in the warm night air, he broke the tape in 2:12.18, having been slowed only by a broken blister on his left foot. He had pared 1.22 seconds off his own world record—a startling reduction for such a distance. Coe passed the 800 mark in 1:44.56, faster than anyone else has run



The enigmatic Ovett blew his chance for a mile record by easing up near the finish

later, "but here was my chance so I had a go." He quickly spurred past Ovett into the lead.

The time as the bell lap began was 2:53.33, fast but still more than two seconds off last year's record split. In the last quarter mile at least five runners had a chance to go to the front.

Into the final turn Ovett was the leader, with Scott in fourth but charging again. Gradually, however, Ovett pulled away from everyone. Then, to the amazement of all—though in typical Ovett fashion—he proceeded to throw away any chance for a world record. He looked back at his pursuers no fewer than four times in the stretch and slowed noticeably. If Ovett is as fit as ever, he is no less enigmatic. His winning time of 3:49.25, though not what it might have been, was still the third fastest in history.

Scott, unlike Ovett, was most concerned with the clock, for he knew he would be close to Ryan's U.S. record. Actually, Scott had not been close to Ryan's 3:51.1; he was well under it. His 3:49.68 was good for third place behind José Luis Gonzales of Spain (3:49.67). Indeed, seven of the 11 runners bettered 3:51, including another American, Baylor's Todd Harbour, who finished fifth in 3:50.34. "At last," Scott said, savoring the moment. "I've done it—in what must be the greatest race of all time."

If it wasn't that, it was at least the most compelling moment of a blockbuster week in track and field.

that distance this year, and ran the approximate equivalent of a 3:30.2 1,500 and a 3:47.8 mile. Those two times would both be world records.

To accommodate ABC, which televised the mile, it was 11:15 p.m. before the 11 competitors at that distance lined up for their run at a record, which some Norwegians assumed was the reason for calling this the Dream Mile. One of Ovett's close friends, Bob Benn, jumped immediately to the lead, with Ovett in close pursuit. The pace—56.69 and 1:55.15 splits—was fairly swift, yet almost 2½ seconds behind that of a year ago when Ovett achieved his 3:48.8 world record on the same track.

As about the halfway mark, Byers, who had upset both Ovett and Scott in the Bislett Games 1,500 in Oslo in late June, took the lead, with Ovett still second and Scott third. Byers had won that June race by serving as a rabbit for the first two laps and the second two. He attempted to steal the race again, but ran out of gas with 500 meters left. When Ovett didn't surge, Scott saw an opening. "I thought I would break with 200 to go," Scott said

CAP'N ASHE AND CREW CANCEL THE CZECHS



With three Wimbledon titlists aboard, the best U.S. Davis Cup team ever swamped defending champion Czechoslovakia in New York City **by FRANK DEFORD**

Every so often some championship is handed over to a single performer after the most spectacular heroics: Brooks Robinson's Series, Magic Johnson's playoffs, Pele's World Cup. Almost never, however, does any event absolutely belong to one athlete even before it begins. But such was the case last weekend as Davis Cup competition returned to New York, after a 22-year absence, with a quarterfinal tie between the U.S. and defending champion Czechoslovakia.

Ivan Lendl.

It was his to win if he possibly could. Never mind John McEnroe, Wimbledon champion. Strictly a red herring, all that hoopla. Never mind John McEnroe and the fallout from the Brits. (Why do people say "Brits" now instead of "English"?) Never mind John McEnroe and his new hairstyle. (Why do people say hairstyle instead of haircut?) Never mind John McEnroe back home before his hometown fans on his hometown courts. And never mind Jimmy Connors, Stan Smith,

Bob Lutz, or Captain Arthur Ashe. Foils. Hurdles. Opponents. Incidents. For the Czechs to prevail, Lendl, 21, 6' 2", 170 pounds, inscrutable, pout-mouthed, lean, with Bette Davis thighs, had to win both his singles and lead the way to a doubles triumph as well. Everybody else involved had a role; Lendl had a mission. That he failed was not his shame, for it was a tall order to expect that any one man might gun down what may well be the most formidable American team ever assembled.

Here, for example, was the unqualified view of Czech Captain Antonin Boland, that eternal optimist, Master Confidence Builder. "I think we have no chance."

None, huh?

"No."

Not for raising expectations has Boland held his job 13 years. He was talking tennis, not miracles. Lendl had to whip the No. 1 and No. 3 players in the world upon their favorite surface, and then, while they enjoyed a day off, go

out again in the blistering 95° sun, where only mad dogs and Chicago Cubs regularly venture, and put away fresh troops in the doubles—two fellows who together had won 12 of 13 Davis Cup matches and who hold the U.S. Open title, triumphing on this selfsame court.

Lendl did knock off McEnroe in the opening match Friday in long, straight sets, 6-4, 14-12, 7-5 (no sexy tiebreakers in the Cup), but he came a cropper in the doubles the next afternoon against Smith and Lutz. That told the tale because by the time Lendl faced Connors in the finale Sunday, the outcome had been decided. By then, both Connors and McEnroe had performed benevolent acts of euthanasia upon Lendl's lesser partner, Tomas Smid, and the Yanks, up 3-1, were already assured victory. For the record, Connors, a renaissance Bill Hartack, who rode every race as if it were the Derby, went 8-0 lifetime against Lendl by winning the dead match 7-5, 6-4 and putting the victory at 4-1 in the books.

Having vanquished Lendl, Cap'n Ashe's troops now have mere countries to deal with. By the luck of the draw, these battles will take place in the States,



PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSS ADAMS

Winners of 13 of 14 Cup matches, Smith and Lutz blanketed the court in putting the U.S. up 2-1

So, for the first time ever, a U.S. team took the court with three Wimbledon singles champions plus another one in the captain's chair. (The Great Britain team of 1902 had three Wimbledon winners, Joshua Pim and the Doherty brothers. The French teams of 1927 and 1928 played Rene Lacoste, Henri Cochet and Jean Borotra, all Wimbledon talists. Perhaps the greatest Davis Cup squad of all, Australia '73, used only two Wimbledon champions, Rod Laver and John Newcombe, but kept a third, Roy Emerson, on the bench along with Ken Rosewall. A fourth Wimbledon winner, Neale Fraser, was the captain. All five had won the U.S. title.) However, given the unusual constitution of this tie, a solid argument can be made that Lutz, the only American without a Wimbledon, was the most important Yank. After continued

Only our first-round match with Mexico wasn't played in the U.S., it being contested in Palm Springs, Calif. Australia, victor over Sweden (sans Bjorn Borg of Monte Carlo), will be the semifinal opponent in September in Portland, Ore. After that bit of business the Yankees must deal with either the Buster Mottram-led Brits or the clay-court Argentinians. Don't cry for me, the finals will probably take place on a fast indoor court the first week in December, almost surely in Madison Square Garden.

For those of you who have been preoccupied with Iran and the prime rate, the Davis Cup has been reconstituted this year. Most particularly, the Cup and, surely, the air rights above it have been leased to the Japanese. A communications and electronics corporation named NEC is paying a million dollars to the players, and all the signs now say: DAVIS CUP BY NEC. By? May we expect soon: OLYMPICS BY BUENER KING? A windy fellow from Tokyo came to the U.S.-Czech draw and told all about the hopes and dreams of NEC. Notwithstanding, the format has been streamlined. Previously, it was divided into geographic zones, and it was an egalitarian mess, an athletic Ba-

bel. There were so many matches that it was necessary to start playing the 1980 Davis Cup in 1979 while the 1979 Davis Cup was still dragging on.

Now only 16 countries are permitted in the annual championship fight, but there is no grandfather clause. First-round losers must meet each other, and then the four two-time losers are bumped the next year. They are replaced by four new nations, which qualify through a subsidiary zone competition. For example, Chile and India weren't in the Sweet Sixteen this year, but they have already qualified to move up in '82.

All of this is academic, though, so long as Ashe can assemble America's very best. McEnroe has always devoted himself to Davis Cup play, but Connors had signed on only twice, the last time in '76. Tony Trabert's first year as captain. After Jimbo lost to Raul Ramirez of Mexico in the fifth and deciding match, he gave up all Cup connections until this January in New York when Mr. and Mrs. Ashe sprung for a dinner for Mr. and Mrs. Connors. That evening Connors volunteered, with enthusiasm, to play for the man who used to be his archrival in tennis and tennis politics alike.



Ashe kept an alert eye on his volatile charges

all. McEnroe couldn't beat Lendl, and Connors took him only after a U.S. victory had been assured. But Lutz was the most dominant figure in the match upon which the tie turned, the 9-7, 6-3, 6-2 win over Lendl and Smid.

Despite the accomplishments of Lutz and Smith, they were only at Flushing Meadows on a pass. The Mayer brothers were Ashe's first choice, but Gene injured his right wrist at the Italian Open, and still hasn't recovered. McEnroe and Peter Fleming, the Wimbledon champions and acknowledged best team in the world, had been advanced as the logical pair. A great many Davis Cup experts maintain that far from tiring a singles man out, a few sets of doubles is just the right amount of work on the middle day. Ashe agreed in principle, but not for a match in the heat of July. He preferred fresh old horses and a day off for Junior. Besides, as Connors put it for Smith and Lutz, "Their record speaks for themselves."

Lendl rarely plays doubles except in national competition, but he and Smid work well enough together and have shown a facility for winning on the road under pressure. Like so many Eastern European players, Smid is an athlete first, tennis player second, and in doubles his

vulnerable slice backhand is not as easily exploited as in singles. The American veterans were respectful. "We wanted to get the first serve in so they couldn't slug away at the second," Smith said. Between them, he and Lutz spun in 73% of their first deliveries, which was enough. Curiously, while Lendl and Smid kept banging away at service returns instead of looking for softer doubles angles, they otherwise played too cautiously, falling back on more of a clay-court defensive style. The hard surface at Flushing Meadows was made quicker than ever before to give even more home edge to the bully-boy U.S. team. No prisoners.

If one point could mean a match, the whole tie, it came in the 15th game of the first set, 7-up, Smith serving and scuffling some at 40-all. A dandy long rally evolved, and Smid threw up a sweetheart of a lob that bounced deep in the alley. Smith hurried back, but he was on his heels and looking the high bounce into the sun. Any natural first-court pair would have followed such a lob to net, but, instinctively, Lendl and Smid hung back and gave Smith breathing room. Soon the Americans were back in the point. They won it as well as the next one to hold for 8-7.

In the next game, Lendl, who had



Lendl outlasted a weary and erratic McEnroe in the

been inconsistent with his volleys, muffed a couple and lost a 40-15 lead, and Lutz scorched him on set point with a blazing backhand return. Shocked, Lendl somehow got a volley back, but Smith knocked the set off. The Americans were thoroughly in control thereafter. "When you serve an ace and he makes a return like that, he deserves to win the point," Lendl said afterward of Lutz in that same wordily, nearly smug manner in which he dispatches almost all and sundry who would engage him. He is not a man to suffer fools gladly, if at all, and not just fools. Nothing seems to rattle Lendl except, occasionally, inquiries about what exactly it is that he does as a soldier in the Czech army.

Of the four undisputed top players in the world, Lendl, the youngest and the least (so far), is also the least known. The two Americans, of course, are famous for their bombast, and so it is especially easy to lump Lendl in blandness with Borg, the other European. Yet there is an edge to Lendl, an air of mystery that certainly has never seemed part of Borg. But Lendl... who is this masked man? He appears to be a consummate loner. His only known confidant and friend—"his God,"

Fleming and McEnroe spent Saturday afternoon begging rays and pulling for Smith and Lutz.





opening match to give his country its single point

in an uptown East Side saloon with friends the night after he returned from England, McEnroe had to shake his head as he downed another beer. "Thank God this team has Connors," he said with a laugh.

Of course, that the team also has Ashe may, over the long haul, be just as felicitous for the celebrated McNasty. As outgoing as Junior has, Lord knows, proved to be, his close affiliations in tennis are rather limited. As with Connors before him, the family tends to circle the wagons whenever the dear boy is criticized. Even business is handled within, by his father. So, if nothing else, Ashe is at least a foreign substance that can be rubbed on McEnroe's noggin. At Wimbledon, he went over videotapes of McEnroe serving, showing him where he was going off form, and the day before the finals Ashe visited with the referee and chair umpire to discuss precisely what sort of behavior would be tolerated from his charge. Moreover, Ashe—decked out at Flushing Meadow in a special sea captain-type cap, complete with scrambled eggs on the visor—has a great sense of tradition. "Look, the main thing," Ashe says of his handling McEnroe, "is that he's still only 22, and I just don't want him

to bleep up his place in tennis history."

Certainly, against Lendl (and Smid, too) he was a regular McLovey right to the end, when Lendl got the decisive service break, snapping off his best shot, the crosscourt forehand. But, in a curious way, although Lendl always seemed to have an edge, and although McEnroe played without the passion that so often distinguishes him, he never seemed far out of the match. In the long rallies on the screaming court—once an hour and 39 minutes passed between clouds—Lendl would have to stretch and dash about, while McEnroe stood back as collected as ever, his racket always ready, in place, as if it steered him about, rather than the other way around. For all his effortlessness, for all his good manners, there were too many mistakes. After three hours and 14 minutes, Czechoslovakia had its first point.

As it happened, there would be no more. But given the powerful quality of this American squad, as well as our home-surface advantage, it is unlikely that any whole team can threaten the Americans the rest of the way as much as the one great player did. At the moment, it is time to reorganize the Cup again. The only fair tie would be America vs. the world.

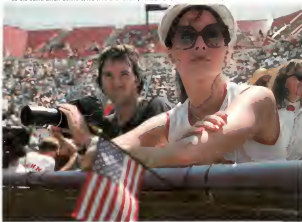
END

as they say on tour—is Poland's Wojtek Fibak, who is almost a decade his senior and is likewise celebrated among the players for his aloofness and imperiousness. When Lendl plays in New York, he stays at Fibak's manor house in Greenwich, Conn., where, Fibak has reported, "Ivan has his own room, to keep his tennis shoes and fur coats."

Lendl has now beaten McEnroe six straight sets—three on the red clay at Paris, where he figured to win, and the three more at Flushing, where McEnroe is lord and master. In fairness to the No. 1, though, after getting bounced out of Wimbledon in the first round by a qualifier, Lendl repaired to the heat and hard courts of Boca Raton, Fla. for 10 days. McEnroe, meanwhile, continued to fight demons on the cool London greenward.

Besides, even if McEnroe were not being obliged to top his Wimbledon triumph just a few days later, his boorish controversies over there followed him home, snapping at his heels even as his barber snipped his curls. McEnroe himself couldn't help but appreciate that the Davis Cup was too much too soon. Taking off just a few hours to celebrate

as did cameramen Connors, his wife and fellow patrol, Path, and their bossmate, Diane Keaton.





Vince Ferragamo, the most celebrated student currently enrolled in French 202 at Montreal's John Renne High School, has now played in two regular-season parties for his new team, the Montreal Alouettes of the Canadian Football League. But neither was much of a party for the ex-Los Angeles Ram quarterback, now hyped as "le meilleur quart du continent," the best quarterback on the continent. Ferragamo's debut on July 4 against the British Columbia Lions in Vancouver was a disaster. He completed just 13 of 30 passes for 155 yards, and had two interceptions in a 48-8 defeat. Last Friday night, in the Als' home opener against the Toronto Argonauts, he did engineer a last-minute drive that produced a 23-22 victory, but not before he had thrown three interceptions and

GIVING HIS ALL FOR THE ALS

But making it in Montreal has been tough so far for Vince Ferragamo and some of his hotshot U.S. teammates **by JACK McCALLUM**

had heard his first chorus of Canadian booing from the crowd of 35,281 at Olympic Stadium.

Ferragamo is not the only American having problems in Montreal. Since Canadian entrepreneur Nelson Skalbania bought the Alouettes on March 30, he has also lured two first-round picks from this year's NFL draft and two established NFL veterans north of the border. The two vets are both wide receivers brought in as targets for Ferragamo—Billy (Soul-iers Blancs) Johnson of Houston and

James Scott of Chicago. The two first-round choices both played at Oklahoma—Running Back David Overstreet and Defensive End Keith Gary, the top picks of the Miami Dolphins and the Pittsburgh Steelers, respectively. None of them has taken Canada by storm.

Arriving in Montreal a few days before the Toronto game, Gary failed his physical because of an irregular heartbeat. He subsequently passed a second physical, attributing his problems at the first to nervous stress. "I am a very sen-

sive type of person," said Gary Scott set a league record for "missed arrivals" before finally showing up in Montreal on the day of the opening game in Vancouver. Scott had signed a contract on April 27, the same day as Ferragamo, but he failed to show up for training camp. On several occasions he told team officials he was coming to Montreal on such and such a flight, but when they met the plane Scott wasn't on it. Nevertheless, after just four days of practice, and after being hooded as he was introduced before the Toronto game, Scott caught three passes for 37 yards, including a 26-yard touchdown pass from Ferragamo.

Overstreet has looked the best of the Americans, even though he has fumbled three times in the two games. He missed training camp while his agent, Jerry Argovitz, jostled with the Dolphins, who have once accused Argovitz of using Overstreet as a pawn in his dealings with other NFL owners who have drafted his clients. Overstreet disagrees. "What made me really feel like I wanted to come up here," he says, "was when my wife could see Miami wasn't being fair with me. She didn't know anything about Canada, but she thought we should come." Overstreet himself thought they should after he heard Skalbania's offer, which has been estimated as high as \$250,000, though Alouette officials say that figure is inflated. Argovitz has said that the AIs offered more money for two years than the Dolphins did for five.

Of all the Americans, Johnson probably had the most to gain in Canada. The Oilers distracted his knees—he had minor surgery on the right one in 1978 and major surgery on the left one in '79—and they seemed committed to the two-tight-end offense that made him a part-time player last season. And, even if he's not making \$175,000 with the Alouettes, as he is said to be, he is undoubtedly getting more than he did at Houston, where his salary was about \$100,000.

Clearly the heaviest pressure is on Ferragamo. Because of the dearth of sports news resulting from the baseball strike, his CFL debut attracted a lot of attention in the U.S. as well as in Canada. Both his regular-season starts have been aired in the U.S. by ESPN, which regularly televises some CFL games. After the debacle in Vancouver, Ferragamo's wife, 'ada, said, "I can just hear my friends in Los Angeles complaining, 'I paid thirty

dollars for the cable to watch that!'"

Skalbania gave Ferragamo two one-year contracts, reportedly for \$400,000 per year but which may in fact be worth almost twice that much, in a league in which the average salary is about \$40,000 and some players have to hold down second jobs. Every CFL contract has an automatic option year, so Ferragamo could choose to play for Montreal as long as four years under his current deal. However, he holds the right not to renew after the first contract has expired, so he might be in Montreal just two years. Ferragamo's decision whether or not to stay after the '82 season will most likely depend on the rules governing free agents in the NFL collective bargaining agreement to be negotiated next year. "I feel I'm in a no-lose position up here," he says. "After two years, if conditions are such that it's right for me to go back, then I will. If not, I'll reap my rewards here, live it up for four years, then consider going to medical school and being a doctor."

Whatever happens, Ferragamo seems sincere when he says he doesn't need the NFL and that a career in medicine is realistic. He took a pre-med curriculum at the University of Nebraska, getting his BS in 1977, and, in the semester following his rookie season with the Rams, he studied at the Creighton University

Medical School. "If the NFL owners try to begrudge me the opportunity of coming back," he says, "med school is a viable alternative."

That's what the CFL started to look like for Ferragamo before the 1980 season, his fourth with the Rams. His original three-year contract paid him about \$47,500 a year, with an additional option year at \$52,000, the best bargain in Los Angeles until \$42,500 Ferrando came along to pitch for the Dodgers. Ferragamo had taken over for the injured Pat Haden 12 games into the '79 season and had led the Rams to the Super Bowl, where he performed heroically in the 31-19 loss to the Steelers. But last year, after the Rams had given the starting job back to Haden and failed to offer Ferragamo a contract he found satisfactory, he decided to play out that option. From a base of \$52,000 it was unlikely the Rams would get near what Skalbania was offering. Their final offer was reportedly about \$300,000 a year.

In the past Ferragamo has had trouble making decisions. He once mailed a letter of intent to Stanford only to retrieve it from the post office because of family pressure to enroll at the University of California, which he later abandoned for Nebraska—but no one could say his defection to Canada continued

Overstreet fumbled twice in a loss to British Columbia but scored the touchdown that beat Toronto



was lacking in courage. Neither Johnson, Scott nor Overstreet was with the Alouettes at the time, and for all Ferragamo knew about the CFL, his wide receivers could've been Neil Young and Margaret Trudeau. "All I knew was that the rules were different," he says.

Alouette Coach Joe Scinnella, a former special-teams coach with the Oakland Raiders, says Ferragamo's biggest adjustment is picking up the extra defensive back who is in the pass coverage because there are 12 men on a side in the CFL. With six interceptions in four exhibitions and five more in the two regular-season games, Ferragamo is obviously having trouble with that extra man. Also, the wider field (65 yards vs. 53½ in the NFL) puts a premium on quickness. Ferragamo is a classic dropback quarterback with little mobility, as his career rushing record with the Rams (42 yards in 21 carries) will attest. And though Ferragamo's offensive line isn't small by Canadian standards (it averages about 250 pounds), no one is pretending it can offer Ferragamo the kind of security he got from, say, Doug France or Dennis Hirsch of the Rams.

Ferragamo recognizes all these problems. Yes, the extra defensive back has been troublesome, but he'll work it out. Yes, the wider field seems made for rollout quarterbacks, but don't forget that rollout out cuts the field in half. Yes, the offensive line isn't like the Rams', but neither are the opposing front fours.

Off the field Ferragamo can't expect to match the fringe benefits he enjoyed in the U.S. He did both national and regional commercials, but felt he had only begun to crack the market. "A lot of people were hesitant about giving me big endorsements because my situation with the Rams all along was so up in the air," he says. "I go to the Super Bowl and the next year the Rams come out and say Pat Haden will be the starting quarterback." His looks (choose one from the following list of regulars—I, matinee idol, 2, sculpted, 3, classic Italian) had gotten him offers for appearances on *Fantasy Island*, *Laverne & Shirley* and *B.J. and the Bear*. He turned them all down—"I had to be a little careful with my image because I'm a football player first"—but, no doubt, the offers would've kept coming.

Ferragamo does get attention in Canada, of course, and he's handled it well. So have his teammates, particularly backup Quarterback Gerry Dattilo, who had the most to lose from Ferragamo's arrival. A roll-out quarterback who runs well, Dattilo was the Eastern Conference's most valuable player last year, only to lose his job to Ferragamo before the first jumping jack of training camp. "I don't like the situation, though I'm taking it better now," says Dattilo. "There's no doubt that Vince, being the type of person he is—a hard worker, a good guy and all that—has made it easier."

But the Ferragamos have had to make

adjustments, too. They'll return to their house in Irvine, Calif. after the season, but for now they're living in a modest apartment complex in West Island, a predominantly English-speaking Montreal suburb. Jodi is trying to get by without a dishwasher, a garbage disposal or a double sink, deprivations which undoubtedly interest her husband less than, say, the extra-defensive-back problem. Jodi's spirits picked up last week when Vince bought her a new Trans Am, but she has yet to make sense of the dubbed version of *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*. "Ted Baxter speaking French will just blow you away," she says. But the biggest sacrifice of all? "We can't find any Mexican restaurants in the city," says Jodi. "It was our second anniversary recently and Vince asked me what I wanted. I told him to fly me back to California for some Mexican food."

The Ferragamos are making an effort to learn passable French. They're in different classes because Jodi studied the language in high school; she can count to 1,000, while Vince struggles to 50. "I'm not trying to become real proficient," he says. "I just want to pick up some of it to get along. Things like, bonjour, madame or comment ça va?" But it's slow going. Football takes up a lot of time and Ferragamo is a frequent class-cutter: He missed two last week while preparing for the home opener.

That preparation seemed wasted early in the game as the Alouettes, who trailed 21-1 at halftime, resembled the team that lost 48-8 in the opener. Had Skalbanis not been vacationing in Greece, surely he would have been tempted to come roaring into the dressing room at halftime. But, finally, the American cast got moving. There was Scott hauling in Ferragamo's second TD pass with 8:57 left to bring the Alouettes to within 21-15. There was Soule's *Blaines* picking up 17 yards on a wide-receiver screen to give Montreal a first down at the Toronto one with only 19 seconds left. And there was Overstreet leaping over the goal line on the next play to tie the game at 22-22 and set up Gerry McGrath's winning placement. It was exciting enough to make Ferragamo (18 of 38 for 240 yards and two TDs) shout, "Au revoir, NFL. au revoir!" One wonders, though, if the NFL hasn't already said, "Au revoir, Vince Ferragamo, au revoir!"



Both Johnson's salary and his playing time got a shot in the arm when he moved north from Houston.



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In one terrible moment 14 months ago,
Mount St. Helens' top blew off, leaving the
mountain with two peaks and destroying
the works of nature and man for miles around.
Now, from the volcano's deadly spew
come miraculous signs of revival.



by Steve Raymond

Season of Hope



Mount St. Helens

continued

Once it was a gleaming, symmetrical Northwest landmark, but now, 14 months and half a dozen minor eruptions since it exploded on the morning of May 18, 1980, Mount St. Helens looks like an old molar, hollowed out by decay. Before it blew, it was the fifth-highest mountain in Washington (9,677 feet); now it's the 77th (8,300 feet).

In its huge crater, an ugly lava dome has risen up like a great scab covering a fresh wound. A wreath of steam rises from around the base of the dome, as if the dome were a cork capping the seething forces inside the mountain.

Beyond the crater's lip lies a wasteland of weird shapes and strange textures. Puffs of steam drift across the shattered slopes, and the stench of sulphur hangs thickly in the air. Nearby is Spirit Lake—not the scenic Spirit Lake of old, but a

shallow, shabby ruin of a lake. Its water is the color of blood, and gas bubbles rise lazily to its surface, bursting with a sigh. The lake is littered with the floating corpses of the stately firs that once stood around its shores.

Nothing grows here. It looks as if nothing ever could. But elsewhere, on the edges of the area ravaged by the May 18 eruption, life is beginning to return.

The fish had swum in during the night, and now, on this rainy morning in June, they were shifting nervously in the collecting station's holding pens—half a dozen late winter-run steelhead and an equal number of spring Chinook salmon.

Bob Lucas was glad to see them, especially the steelhead. They were among

the first to return to the South Fork of the Toutle River, which had been all but obliterated a year ago under a steaming flow of mud from Mount St. Helens and on which the collecting station is located. For Lucas, a fisheries biologist with the Washington State Department of Game, the steelhead represented hope. They would be spawned artificially and their progeny raised to migratory size for release into the river, to rebuild the run.

The salmon in the trap were a bonus. Still bright and fresh from the sea, they may have been strays from the North Fork of the Toutle, which suffered even greater damage from the eruption. They would be trucked upstream to the South Fork, perhaps to spawn naturally.

Leaving the collecting station, Lucas

Elk, driven from the ravaged fir forests after the blast (right), forage on grass seeded by the Soil Conservation Service on the Toutle's North Fork.



drove upstream on dirt roads along the South Fork, past a low dam built last spring by the Army Corps of Engineers to trap debris swept down from the mountain. Giant dredges were working in the river to remove the accumulated silt. Below them the river was muddy; upstream it was flowing clean and clear.

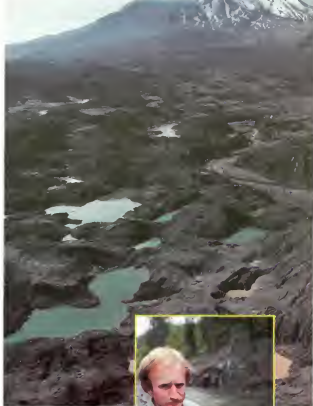
Past the dredges Lucas stopped his truck, got out and walked along the river's edge, pausing now and then to lift a rock from the shallows and turn it over. On many he found tiny mayflies and stone fly nymphs, important food for young steelhead and salmon. Out on the river, a single bright yellow mayfly adult lifted off the surface, shining like a spark in the misty morning light. It fluttered through the soft rain to settle on a pock-marked boulder at the river's edge.

The South Fork of the Toutle, which many people had written off as a dead river after the eruption, is coming back to life.

Before the eruption, the South Fork was one of many popular fishing streams around Mount St. Helens. In fact, the mountain was the hub of one of the Northwest's most popular outdoor recreation areas. Spirit Lake was filled with trout, and both the South and North forks of the Toutle hosted large runs of salmon and steelhead. The surrounding forests and meadows held large populations of elk and black-tailed deer, and the alpine regions north of the mountain were honeycombed with trout-filled lakes and hiking trails.

It was prime hunting and fishing country, a popular area for hiking and horseback riding, a productive place for rock hounds, a paradise for campers. Even in the Cascade Range, where spectacular scenery is almost taken for granted, Mount St. Helens was an especially favored place.

The eruption changed all that in an instant. Heat, blast and ash destroyed 26 lakes, 154 miles of resident trout streams and 195 square miles of wildlife habitat. The North and South forks of the Toutle were engulfed by hot flows of mud and debris, and much of the Green River, a principal tributary of the Toutle, was buried under ash. Campgrounds, recreation sites, trails and lodges were totally erased. Sixty-two people either were killed or are missing



An encouraging sign for biologists: Lucas is the algae found on a river-bottom rock and in the numerous lakes formed since the eruption.



The first staggering estimates of fish and wildlife losses have since been reduced, but the figures are still enormous: more than 11 million salmon and steelhead, mostly juveniles, perished, along with about 5,000 deer, 1,500 elk, 200 black bears and perhaps an entire herd of about a dozen mountain goats. Scores

continued



In the blowdown zone, 12½ miles from the crater, a crew salvages timber. A mile and a half beyond, cottonwoods (above) come back patchily.

Mount St. Helens

continued

of thousands of other animals and birds were killed in the blast or the ashfall, and hundreds of thousands of acres of timber were blown down, burned, buried or washed away.

In the heart of the blast zone—within three to five miles of the crater and including the Spirit Lake Basin—it seems likely that no living thing survived. Farther from the mountain, in an area extending roughly from seven to 16 miles from the blast's center, survivors were few: some beaver, frogs, salamanders and gophers, all protected in stream-bank dens or underground burrows. Miraculously, trout have since been found alive in three small lakes less than 12 miles north of the mountain and may have survived in a few others. A few small trees,



sheltered by ridgetops or protected by older trees that fell on top of them, came through alive, though they were only seven miles from the blast. In the same area some hardy plants, such as fireweed, horsetail, thistle and salmonberry, lived on, despite the fall of ash.

Now these survivors, along with other plants and animals from outside the devastated zone, have begun the slow process of recolonization, and up on the shoulders of the mountain countless little dramas are unfolding. Plants seeking sunlight struggle upward through hardened layers of ash; an ash-covered frog hops along the shore of a fetid lake; and wary elk venture out of a thicket of burned timber to feed on lush new grass seeded by the Soil Conservation Service on the foot of a volcanic mudflow.

The process of recovery is being followed closely by federal and state biologists, and what they have seen so far gives them reason for optimism. The south side of the mountain was hardly damaged and its wildlife populations remain intact. They will serve as a reservoir to help repopulate the damaged areas to the north.

Biologists also say the mountain lakes

north of St. Helens eventually may come back even better than before. Ash from the volcano has been found to contain nutrients that formerly were lacking in the lakes, and these may stimulate better fish growth than in the past. But no one knows when it will be safe to fish these lakes again.

While life struggles to return to the mountain, the people who live in the shadow of St. Helens already are prospering from the return of another form of life: tourists. Along State Highway 504, plastic banners fly from hastily built souvenir stands, tacky roadside museums and makeshift theaters showing films of the eruption. Tour buses grind to a halt and passengers line up to purchase mementos and use Sanikins.

Highway 504 once was known as the Spirit Lake Highway, but the eruption claimed not only Spirit Lake but much of the road as well. Now what's left of the highway has been made into a gamut for tourists to run. The plywood roadside emporiums are stocked with Mount St. Helens T shirts, photos, posters, records, tape cassettes, trinkets (including Christmas tree ornaments) made of ash and pumice, games, lamps, calendars, key



wires to a battery worn under the shirt.

Ken McCoy, vice-president of Volcanic Productions Inc., is partly responsible for the T-shirt boom. He figured out a way to make riches out of rags. Literally. He saw the prototype of one of the more imaginative Mount St. Helens T-shirts and decided it would sell. On the front is inscribed **1 SKIED MOUNT ST. HELENS 5/18/80**; the rest of the shirt is riddled with scorch marks and burn holes, made with a cigarette lighter.

The shirt is a hot-selling item, although some purchasers have discovered that if they wear it on sunny days, they can end up with a spotted sunburn.

McCoy now drives around in a former telephone-company van with a Mount St. Helens Ski Team logo painted on the sides. The back of the van is filled with T-shirts. McCoy says he "detected a gap in the souvenir business"—lots of retailers but no wholesalers—and decided to

rings, coloring books, lipel buttons, stationery, bumper stickers, postcards, belt buckles, soap, books, puzzles, salt and pepper shakers shaped like volcanoes, hats, jewelry and what have you.

Among the items are Pu-mice, chunks of pumice with cloth tails, ears and noses glued on to make them look like mice. A board game called *Volcano* invites players who are willing to part with \$12.95 to "Match your wits against the mountain! Roll the dice as you leave the tiny town of Toutle and venture into the danger zone for a peek into the volcano's crater. Will you get there—and back? Luck and skill will tell. Lying in wait for the unwary—volcanic ash, earthquakes and bureaucratic red tape!"

Up the road in the real-life tiny town of Toutle, a drive-in restaurant offers a Volcano Burger. What makes it a Volcano Burger? "Eat one and in half an hour you'll have an eruption," says the girl behind the counter.

Of all the souvenirs, T-shirts seem the most popular. In fact, Mount St. Helens has inspired what may be the world's first electric T-shirt. On the front is an image of the mountain emitting a great plume of ash. Six tiny red lights wink on and off in the plume, attached by



fill it. Now McCoy is marketing at least 60 different styles of T-shirts with about 30 different screens (pictures or slogans) to some four dozen retail outlets.

Harry Truman souvenirs are big items, too. Truman, the scrappable, whiskey-sipping owner of Mount St. Helens lodge at Spirit Lake, became an overnight celebrity when he refused evacuation before the May 18 eruption. But when the mountain blew up, Truman and at least 16 of his cats were entombed under hundreds of feet of debris in the



Steelhead trapped in the South Fork is proof of a reviving fishery, as in fertilized soil—also from South Fork trout—that will go to a hatchery.

lodge where he had lived for 54 years.

The fate of the salty, 83-year-old mountain man inspired an explosion of pop culture. Songwriters composed more than 100 Harry Truman ditties, including such titles as *The Ballad of Harry Truman*, *Harry's Song*, *Ode to Harry Truman* and *Give 'Em Hell, Harry*. Recordings of these and other numbers line the shelves of souvenir stands, and tourists can even buy Harry Truman hats to wear while they listen.

On the first anniversary of the great

continued



Five miles from the crater, above the site where Harry Truman's lodge once stood, his relatives have set up a crude memorial to the feisty old man.



Mount St. Helens

(continued)

ruption, Truman's sister and brother-in-law flew in by helicopter to plant a crude memorial marker near a steam crater over the site where the old man's lodge once stood. Because the marker is well inside the restricted area around the smoldering mountain, few people may ever see it. But down on Highway 504, at a former square-dance hall that has been turned into a roadside museum, tourists can view such "artifacts" as a telephone book containing a listing for Harry Truman and a mannequin of the old man seated at a bar with a jug of whiskey at his side—all for just \$2.50.

Before the eruption, Phil Zoller, a fish-

ing guide, made part of his living taking clients out on the Toutle River. He was one of the few guides willing to float the river's treacherous Hollywood Gorge. Then the mudflows came surging down, causing the equivalent of a thousand years of erosion in a single afternoon and leaving the river looking like a concrete driveway with a thin layer of dirty water flowing on top. The Toutle apparently was ruined for fishing, boating or anything else.

But Zoller, a big, friendly bear of a man, wasn't willing to give up on the river. He spent \$800 to charter a plane and fly over the Toutle, taking aerial photographs. Then he walked along its banks, watching as the river slowly flushed away the great cargo of mud and debris that filled its channel. Over the months, he kept careful track of the Toutle's progress as it settled into a new course and gradually began to resemble a river once again.

Finally, in March, Zoller decided it was ready. He launched his fiber-glass riverboat and made it safely through

Hollywood Gorge, which remained a part of the new river. Now, with his son, Tracy, 19, Zoller again is floating the Toutle with paying customers—not for fishing, but for some of the most unusual scenery offered by any river.

At the beginning of the run, Zoller calls his passengers together for a briefing. It ends with a short prayer: "Dear Lord, we thank You for this day and this river, and we ask that You will let us float it safely."

The reason for the prayer is soon evident. In the first rapid, the leading boat slams into a submerged rock with stunning force, breaking loose two seats. The boat slips on its side and water pours in, but Zoller struggles with the oars and soon has the vessel on an even keel. The water is pumped out, the seats are fixed and the trip goes on.

It's not for the faint of heart. The trip down Hollywood Gorge is a bottom-banging, white-knuckle ride through a succession of wild rapids. The river is the color of an old bronze, and chocolate foam curls around the boulders in its

path. Along its banks thousands of trees remain bent at sharp angles pointing downstream, the tops of their naked trunks honed into spearpoints by the abrasive mudflow.

Pieces of highway guardrail, lawn-mower handles and other bits of flotsam protrude from layers of mud where the river has cut its new channel. Steel girders from the washed-out bridge lie twisted like limp ribbons around rocks in the river. An empty house teeters precariously on the edge of an eroded bluff, waiting for the next high water to claim it.

Below the gorge the river flattens out and enters a silent neighborhood of ruined riverfront homes and cabins. The mud line rises above empty doors and windows of houses still standing; other dwellings have been shoved violently off their foundations, twisted and warped into strange, broken shapes or piles of wreckage.

The trip ends at the Tower Bridge. Zoller bids his guests farewell and offers them—you've got it—a souvenir T shirt.

While the enigmatic mountain screams and grumbles, land-use planners and politicians are trying to figure out what to do with it. The U.S. Forest Service, a Washington state planning group and a coalition of environmental organizations have all proposed separate schemes for

future management of the mountain.

All three proposals agree that the crater, the Spirit Lake Basin and other important geological features should be preserved much as they are now so that nature can be observed taking its course. And all agree that there will have to be some access and accommodation for tourists and recreationists.

But there agreement ends. The environmentalists have called for a 216,000-acre Mount St. Helens National Monument. It would include all the areas affected by the eruption as well as some undamaged areas outside, particularly a stand of old-growth timber along the Green River. Salvage of timber would be banned unless it is necessary to protect adjacent stands from fire or insect damage.

A Forest Service environmental-impact study recommended an 89,560-acre "interpretive area," in which timber salvage would be permitted under limited circumstances. Adjacent lands would be opened for salvage.

The state's Mount St. Helens Long-Range Planning Council has proposed an 84,030-acre National Volcanic Area. Recreational development and timber salvage would be limited within its boundaries, but salvage would be allowed on adjacent lands.

The proposals are expected eventually to end up before Congress, which will try to achieve a compromise.



The volcano has bred its own tourist industry, complete with souvenir stands, hockey parades and t-shirt men like T-shirt man Ken McCoy.

Zoller once again takes riders through Rollyow and Gorge.



But Mount St. Helens may thwart the best efforts of the politicians and the planners. As mountains go, it has always been something of a juvenile delinquent. It's young, only 37,000 years old—a mere twinkling of the geologic eye—but its volcanic past has been particularly violent. Geologists expect that its present period of activity could continue for many more years and warn that it might even erupt again with force approaching the explosion of 1980, which was 500 times greater than that of the Hiroshima A-bomb blast.

So the conclusion to the saga of Mount St. Helens has yet to be written. Will the end come with a whimper or a bang? We can only wait and see. The last word belongs to the mountain.

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PUNCHER OF COWS AND MEN

All you may need to know about Quick Tillis as he prepares for his WBA heavyweight title fight is that as a boxer he's a great calf roper

by WILLIAM NACK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENK KLUETMEER



The three calves were standing single file in the narrow chute at one end of the paddock, eyeing the cowboy who sat high astride his cutting horse, a 15-year-old sorrel gelding named Dolomite. It was late one morning last week, and the sun was lifting in a blaze over Tulsa. James (Quick) Tillis wiped the sweat

from his forehead and snapped down the brim of his big straw hat.

"Turn on a dime, this horse," Tillis said. "Big little horse, that's what I like. He knows all the tricks and everything, this horse does." Tillis picked up the reins and lasso with his left hand, clamped a shorter, thinner piece of line between his teeth and twirled the noose end of the lariat with his right hand. Rancher Reuben Hura waited at the door of the chute.

"Open it, Reuben," said Tillis.

The first calf sprinted from the chute, veering left toward a wire fence. Tillis spurred the sorrel after him, twirling the lasso quickly over his head three times and letting it fly. It dropped over the calf's head, snapping the animal to a halt while Dolomite planted his back feet and skidded to a stop. Tillis leaped off his horse and raced to the calf's left side. The rope went slack. "Make the horse go back!" Hura shouted. "The rope's got to be tight before you can throw the calf down."

Tillis jerked the line, and Dolomite

continued

backed up, tightening it. The white-faced Hereford weighed about 400 pounds, at least 100 too much for competitive calf-roping, but Tillis has built himself up practicing for the rodeo on such outsized animals. He reached over the calf's back, heaved mightily three or four times and flipped the calf on its side. He snatched the tie-string from his mouth, looped the noose around the calf's right front hoof, then crossed both its hind legs over that and wrapped them all together with the string, twice quickly, tying it off with a flourishing half hitch and raising his hands triumphantly in the air.

"I'm a fighter" cowboy," Tillis says. "Something new. Fastest heavyweight in the world. I ain't no city slicker. I'm a boots-and-hats guy. A real live fighter" cowboy, a black cowboy. I'm Quick Tillis, the next heavyweight champion of the world. When I fight Mike Weaver you'll see."

At age 24, with a pro record of 20-0 and 16 knockouts, Tillis finds himself emerging from the obscurity of a career spent almost exclusively in Chicago, one of the game's ghost towns, and living a dream he has had since he was a boy of 15 growing up in Oklahoma and fighting in smokers as an amateur. On Oct. 3, in the Horizon, an arena in the village of Rosemont outside Chicago, Tillis is scheduled to meet Weaver for the WBA version of the heavyweight title, which Weaver won by knocking John Tate unconscious on March 31, 1980.

The fight is still three months away,

but Tillis has already been the object of a lot of controversy and comment. Weaver had signed in April to fight No. 1 contender Gerry Cooney this fall, but the WBA quashed that bout by ruling that the third-ranked Tillis was the leading available contender on March 31, the deadline by which Weaver was supposed to sign under WBA rules for his first mandatory defense. At the time Cooney was preparing to fight Ken Norton on May 11, and Leon Spinks, ranked second, was training to fight Larry Holmes, the WBC champion, on June 12. So both were unavailable. That left the 6' 2", 219-pound Tillis, largely unknown and untested, to have at Weaver for a purse of \$250,000.

But money was not the object here. In fact, Tillis turned down a bigger offer to step aside and let Cooney-Weaver happen. Jim Kaulentis, the 35-year-old Chicago pork-belly trader who manages Tillis, says that Sam Glass, who has promoted a number of Cooney's fights, offered Tillis \$250,000 in cash, a \$150,000 purse to fight on the Cooney-Weaver undercard and a shot at the Cooney-Weaver winner, perhaps for as much as \$500,000, as inducement to step aside. Kaulentis called Tillis to relay Glass' offer. "What do you want, the money or the championship belt?" Kaulentis asked. "The belt," Tillis said.

When the press jumped on him for getting in the way of a good fight, Tillis felt the lumps and they still hurt. "Weaver, Weaver, Weaver, that's all you hear," Tillis says. "People must think that I'm a

chump. I've just got to show them; I've got to. I want the championship. I turned down almost \$1 million to do this. I wouldn't have done that if I didn't think I'd beat him. Money's good, but it ain't all that counts. It's a matter of self-respect, man. Nobody's going to respect you if you can be bought off. This was my dream since I started fighting. Everything will work out all right. You'll see."

Tillis is an engaging, gregarious, often amusing young man who knows where he came from and where he's going. He was born in north Tulsa, the black section of town, one of the nine children—six girls and three boys—of Rosie Tillis, whose maternal grandmother was a Cherokee Indian. The family scratched to live. "We ate government food," Tillis says. "Spam and rice, powdered eggs, powdered milk. We were on ADC. That's After Daddy Cut out."

Tillis started riding and breaking horses when he was eight, and his mother bought him his first horse, for \$30, when he was 13. He called him Casper. "He always loved horses," Rosie says. One bitter winter evening, she says, she found Casper in the middle of the family room in the basement. James had led the horse in the back door. "He didn't want to be laying in the warm and Casper in the cold," she says.

Tillis' early life was horses. He used to ride the Osage Hills around Tulsa, hunting raccoons and squirrels. Tillis appeared in rodeos, too, riding small steers for fun. He learned to lasso calves and spent hours tossing ropes at wooden dummies. "It looks easy but it ain't," Tillis says. "It's like hittin' the speed bag. That looks easy, too, but it ain't. It's handling the rope and riding the horse at the same time. You got to get the feel of it. Cowboyin's a lot of fun."

Tillis played some football in junior high—he was a fullback and split end—and some first base. He discovered fighting in 1973, when he joined a local boxing team at the Chamberlain Park gym. Then fighting and riding became his only games. "I fell in love with boxing," he says. Tillis immediately showed fast hands and grace afoot. On a team that included an Al (Bubba) Thompson and Sugar Ray Johnson, all he needed was a nickname. Keith (Flash) Reed, a cousin and teammate, announced one day, "We're calling you Quick." The name stuck.

Tillis was, say those who knew him

continued

According to the undefeated Tillis, listing the speed bag, like calf-roping, "looks easy, but it ain't."





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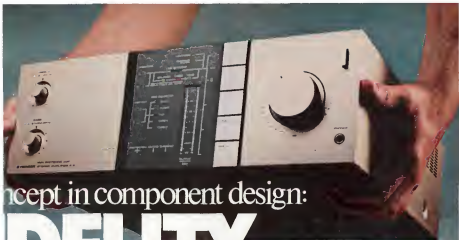
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then, a hard worker, jumping rope an hour a day and training all the time. Rosie recalls her daughters' complaining that their shoes were getting mysteriously scuffed. One day she heard a popping sound from out in the yard. She found young Tillis wearing girl's shoes on his hands and punching a tree. "He'd boxed half the bark off it," she says.

"The thing I liked about him is that he liked to train," says Ed Duncan, the boxing team's trainer. "He ran an hour and 15 minutes, three days a week, in the hills. And anywhere they had some good competition, we would go."

Duncan, who sandblasted oil filters for a living, often took the youngsters on road trips in his own car. "He drove me all over the country," Tillis says. "Missouri, Texas, Arkansas, Kansas. I had a lot of fun. Muhammad Ali was my idol. I wanted to be like Ali." Tillis, meanwhile, worked at assorted jobs. He delivered mail, washed dishes, was a janitor, trained briefly to be a welder, and worked on a construction gang.

"I remember laying pipes in the hot blazing sun and watching white folks walk into restaurants talking and laughing," Tillis says. "I always wondered what they were laughing about. I was just a kid then. It was tough. But I knew one day I would have money. I had a dream one time. A man with a long white beard and long, long white hair was telling me what I was going to be. It was like we were in a cozy den underground and there was a fire in the fireplace and the fire was going and he was telling me something. I don't remember exactly what he said, but what he was sayin' was good. I look back over the years and think I've been pretty lucky."

By the time Tillis decided to turn pro, in the fall of 1978, he had a 92-8 record and had won three state Golden Gloves championships and four state AAU titles. And he had been befriended by Joseph Gibson, the white principal of McLain High School in Tulsa. Tillis called him Pops. Gibson became Tillis' confidant and counselor, a surrogate father, and even assisted him financially in the months before he turned pro. "Pops helped me when I didn't have confidence," Tillis says. "I was scared of putting out as much as I could. I don't know. I was stupid and young, young, young."

What he came to realize was that he had to leave Tulsa if he wanted to work seriously as a prizefighter. "He was dis-

continued



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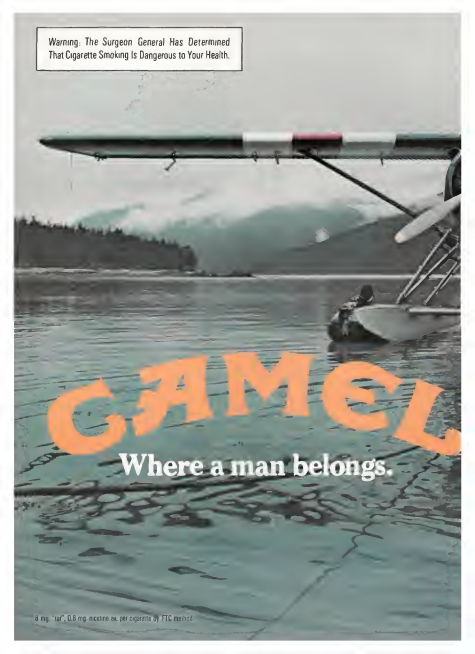
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A black and white photograph of a seaplane on a body of water. The plane is a high-wing aircraft with a float on the right side. The background shows a forested shoreline and mountains under a cloudy sky. The word "CAMEL" is superimposed in large, bold, orange letters across the middle of the image.

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couraged," Rosie says. "He told me, 'Mom, I've got to go away and I've got to do it soon.' He wanted to be the champ and he wanted to own his own ranch."

"I had to leave Tulsa to get my show on the road," Tillis says. "Ain't no action in Tulsa." So he set out for Chicago, hoping to hook up with a former heavyweight champion, Ernie Terrell, who was promoting fights there. He came with a new manager, Robert Hudson, but Hudson soon returned to Oklahoma, and Tillis ended up alone in the city with \$30 to his name. He lived in what he calls the Cockroach Hotel, later in a room at the YMCA on Chicago's South Side and then in a room across the street from the Y. Tillis says that Terrell paid his \$60 rent three weeks in a row and for a while gave him \$25 to \$30 every other day. But he didn't room alone.

"The rats and the roaches were running into each other," he says. "You walked in the door and the roaches tipped their hats. I had to knock them off the bread in the morning." Through Gibson's wife, Margurite, who knew someone on the Chicago Mercantile Exchange, Tillis got a job as a runner. "A very slow runner," Tillis says. He used to dance and shadowbox across the exchange floor. "People would look at me and say, 'Look at that crazy nigger.' " But through the job he met Kauleitis. A friend of Kauleitis' told him there was a fighter on the floor who needed a sponsor and was he interested?

Kauleitis thought it might be fun to have a local club fighter to root for. When he and Tillis met, the boxer spilled out his story—about how he had come from Tulsa and about the roaches and the rats and how he needed some backing.

"Do you have any money?" Kauleitis asked.

"No," Tillis said. Kauleitis gave him \$200. "I was happier than a rat in a cheese factory," Tillis says. That was Dec. 11, 1978. He had already won his first pro fight, on Nov. 18, and on Dec. 15 he won his second, knocking out Al Bell in one. By February he had worked out an arrangement with Kauleitis and five other sponsors who put up \$50,000 to back him. They bought out Hudson for \$5,000, and Tillis agreed to split his ring earnings with them, 50-50. He would get a \$650-a-month salary, rent for a 19th-floor apartment about a quarter mile from Lake Michigan, on Chicago's North Side, a life insurance policy, travel ex-

penses and a charge account at a restaurant called The Seminary.

The charge account became part of the deal after Kauleitis found out that Tillis was sending most of his paycheck home to his mother. "He was eating in these cheap steak houses," Kauleitis says. "We were concerned because he wasn't gaining weight." So the backers opened the charge. Tillis fought at 190 pounds in those days, against Weaver, he's expected to weigh 210.

He had much more to gain in Chicago than weight. He didn't know what it meant to slip a punch. "They don't teach that stuff in Oklahoma," he says. In pursuit of such knowledge Tillis has been through a number of trainers in the last two years. Rory O'Shea, a tough former welterweight who had recommended that Kauleitis sign Tillis, trained Tillis for a while. Lightweight Johnny Lira also had him for a couple of fights. And even the old MongOOSE, former light heavyweight champion Archie Moore, took him on for a few months.

Says Tillis, "Archie would say, 'Tillis, what are you doing? There are no soft jabs at all.' One day I said to him, 'Archie....' And he said, 'Don't call me Archie. Call me Instructor Moore.' He cooked for me. He once cooked some greens in 10 or 15 minutes. You're supposed to boil 'em an hour and a half. He put 'em on my plate and I thought I was chewin' rubber bands. He made some hard corn bread and when he turned his back, I threw it out the window. The birds ate it and couldn't hardly fly. Archie was rugged, let me tell you. But I respected him. I learned a lot of confidence bean' with him. Jab hard and confidence. And I learned how to pivot. Move."

Tillis has lately been under the care of Angelo Dundee, the trainer of Ali and Sugar Ray Leonard. Dundee knows that his fighter rose to third in the WBA rankings—he's eighth in the WBC ratings—by attention, having beaten no one of consequence. Still, says Dundee, "The guy is real, a real diamond in the rough. A good athlete, good balance. Not the greatest whacker in the world, but a good left hand. I've been working with him. He's coming along. It could happen. He's ready. I expect him to lick Weaver, I swear to God."

Diamonds in the rough take time to polish, and whether there is time in the next three months is problematical. Tillis has never learned to pace himself—



Rosie Tillis once found a horse in her basement

his stamina has failed him in the past—but Dundee says that he's working on that and Tillis is learning. He's also finding out about the jab—how to throw it properly and consistently. He still has a tendency, Assistant Trainer Harry Wilson says, to deliver punches with just his arms, with no body behind them.

"Once in a while turn that jab over, for power," Wilson hollers to Tillis as Tillis shadowboxes. Tillis also tends to drop his left, opening him up for an overhand right, and to keep his right too low, leaving him open for a hook. He's also inclined to dance, emulating his idol, and to throw punches while he's bouncing on his toes, powerlessly. "Some commentators claim he can't punch," Wilson says. "I'll tell you something. He can punch if he ever sits down on his punches. He gets lackadaisical. You tell him to do something, but he'll go out there and go back to that bouncing stuff."

In his last fight, against a pet rock named Roughhouse Fisher, Tillis danced around the way Ali did and got his with some overhand rights. Dundee was in Tillis' corner for the first time, and once in between rounds Dundee could be heard saying, "Quit the bouncing! You don't have to bounce. Hit him to the body."

continued

A close-up photograph of a man's face, partially obscured by a fan of playing cards he is holding. He is wearing a dark suit jacket, a white shirt, and a dark tie. On his left ring finger, he wears a diamond ring. The cards are fanned out, showing red and white patterns. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting his eyes and the cards.

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Whatever questions there are about his power and skills, Tillis indisputably has his chance, and he has his strategy. He calls Weaver "The Beaver," using Ali's phrase, and generally he borrows his tones, words and inflections from Ali. "Box him all night long," the fighting cowboy says. "All night long! I'll be stretchin' out, boy, I'm gonna be movin' and stickin', I'm gonna be touchin' him all night long. I'll be peckin' and pokin', no jokin'. Let everything flow on out. That's what I'm gonna do to win the championship. I'm stretchin' out."

Tillis is experiencing, at appears, the merriest days of his life. A compulsive conversationalist, he talks to everyone, everywhere. To flight attendants: "You going to take a picture of me, sweetheart?" To strange women in slow elevators: "What's your name? What room are you in?" On Chicago's jammed Lake Shore Drive recently, he hollered to a passenger in another car: "Hey, brother. Ever heard of Quick Tillis?"

"Who?"

"Quick Tillis?"

"Oh yeah," the man said.

"That's me. Come to the fight. Bring some buddies and bring some girls. We'll have a bad victory party."

His sense of humor is ingenious, often accidental. After dinner in a Chicago restaurant one night last week, he said to Bob Arum, who's promoting the Weaver-Tillis fight, "I'm a religious man. Are you?"

"Yes," Arum said.

"What are you?" Tillis asked.

"I'm Jewish," Arum said.

"Oh yeah?" Tillis said earnestly. "You have a good Passover like Easter?"

For himself, Tillis had a very good Easter this last Passover, on his way to signing for the Weaver fight. Aside from the heavyweight championship of the world, Tillis' wants are modest. He plans to bank his purse, after paying off the \$41,000 mortgage on his mother's house. "There's nothing I want now," he says. His lawyer, Jeffrey Jacobs, will one day be looking for what Tillis really wants, a piece of real estate in Oklahoma where he can have a ranch and horses and calves to rope and tie. "Fightin' is my profession now," Tillis says. "Rodeoing is an aside. Eventually I'm going to be rodeoing professionally. Calf-ropin' and bulldoggin'. Right now all that counts is what's in the ring. It'll be just me and Weaver. You'll see."

END

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It was just like the good old days. Arnold Palmer hitched up his trousers last week, marshaled his army and played himself proud in a major tournament. Only thing was that this wasn't the U.S. Open but the U.S. Senior Open, at Oakland Hills Country Club outside Detroit. The conclusion of golf's newest big championship also turned out to be eerily reminiscent of one of those majors Palmer had figured in back when—the 1966 U.S. Open at San Francisco's Olympic Country Club, where after four rounds he found himself tied with Billy Casper, and the two had to settle matters in an 18-hole playoff next day.

Late last Sunday afternoon Palmer and Casper found themselves tied once again, but this time they were joined at 289 by

former touring pro Bob Stone of Independence, Mo. At Olympic, Casper beat Palmer by four strokes on Monday. This time Palmer's 70 won, beating Stone by four strokes and Casper by seven.

Inaugurated last year, the Senior Open was conceived by the USGA as a national championship for which professionals and amateurs 55 and over would vie. Because there already were Senior Amateur and PGA Seniors championships, there was precedent for this one. Playing at Winged Foot near New York City, Robert de Vicenzo won and Bill

Palmer may have a whole new career ahead of him, energizing senior events

club certainly wouldn't have sold 30,000 tickets in advance without Palmer.

With Arnie as the draw, Oakland Hills' promotion was so successful that the purse was increased from \$100,000 to \$150,000.

Palmer likes to say, "The game is bigger than myself or any other individual." Don't believe it. Palmer didn't invent golf, but he made it into a big-money game when most of the current seniors were young, and he's doing it again for them now.

Take Goolby. His best season on the Tour was 1967, when he finished 10th on the money list with \$77,107. This year he has earned more than \$90,000 in senior events. "If I'd known there would be golf after 50, I'd have worked harder to stay in shape the last 10 years," Goolby said after assuming a one-stroke second-round lead. His 142 total matched his 36-hole score in the 1961 "other" Open, when he finished second by a stroke to Littler on this same course. Littler is at the very top of the born-again list, with \$114,486 in senior money, more than he has won in all but two of his 27 years as a pro.

Several "name" seniors, notably Julius Boros and Tommy Bolt, were absent because they felt they couldn't play creditably unless they were allowed to ride in carts, which are used in other senior events but aren't permitted in this one. Snead, 69, was on hand, but he would have liked a cart, too. "This is Oakland Hills, and it's not far to us older fellows," he complained. Snead made his remarks after an opening round of 72, which left him just two shots behind Lancelotti, the only player to match par of 70 on Thursday.

Hebert, 53, chuckled at Snead's comments. "Sam can still play golf pretty well," he said. "If you don't think so, just go out and try to hustle him for \$5." Then Hebert strode into the press room and said in his soft Cajun accent, "Thank you and God bless you. I haven't been in a press room in a long time."

This being a major championship, there was the usual complement of gingers: the course was set up too severely for a senior event, the rough was too

continued

Win or lose, Arnie draws



Campbell, an amateur, finished second. It was all very pleasant, in the finest USGA spirit, but attendance was scanty and few cared deeply about the result. ABC televised it and the ratings were so bad that the network dropped its option for 1981.

Part of the reason for the rather ho-hum reception the new event got was the rather so-so promotion it received. But mostly what was wrong was that certain name golfers were missing, especially Palmer, who at 50 was still five years from being eligible. Back to committee went the problem, and lo and behold, the minimum age was dropped to 50.

Sam Snead calls it "the Palmer rule," although it also allowed for the immediate inclusion of such other still-talented players as Casper, Gene Littler, Miller Barber and Bob Goolby.

"The lowered age brings this championship into conformity with all the other senior events, such as the Legends of Golf and the Senior PGA Tour, for which the age is 50," says P.J. Boutwright Jr., an executive director of the USGA. "We knew the idea wouldn't go without the players from the PGA Tour's senior events. But to be frank," he added, "the



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¹According to an Aetna study of auto insurance made in 1979, people generally warmed to the idea of equal rates for different groups. But when they were informed of the effect on their pocketbooks, the majority turned thumbs down.

²We admit it can be ranking to be treated as a statistic. But the whole idea of insurance is the pooling of risk among groups of individuals. These groups are defined by the loss experience of up to millions of cases, and are

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³At last count, we had some 135 people looking into how risk can be measured in life, casualty property, and group insurance.

⁴Aetna also charges less to

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tough, the greens too slick, the pin placements too difficult and so forth. It's humiliating, went the refrain, to shoot 30 or more, which half the players did in the first two rounds. In other words, the USGA hadn't made enough concessions to age.

"It's unfortunate you get old," Palmer observed wryly, "but the alternative is a hell of a lot worse. This is a championship. It should be played on good, tough courses, not at Rolling Hills in Podunk. Some of these senior events are run like family outings, and that's fun. But for a championship..." The familiar voice trailed off.

The next most popular topic seemed to be why men at 50 cannot play as well as they did at 30.

"It's the eyes," said Sneed. "You lose your acuity of vision."

"Arthritis," said Stone, who had played only eight rounds of golf in the last eight months.

"Bad feet," said Bob Rosburg, who withdrew after three rounds because he found it too painful to walk the final round. Also, he had just shot 81.

"You do lose your nerves as you get older," Palmer said. "And you tend to lose your concentration. It's very hard to keep your mind from wandering during a round of golf."

Such lapses accounted for his second-round 76, after an opening 72. On the practice tee Saturday morning, Palmer felt a sharp twinge down his left leg. "I consulted my doctor, who happens to be my caddie," he said, referring to Doug Reintgen, a third-year surgical resident at Duke. "He told me to walk around and it would go away." It did, and Palmer went out and shot a 68, the first sub-par round of the week.

Reintgen is married to Arnold's elder daughter, Peg (Arnold has another daughter, Amy, and yes, he's a grandfather.) "I've caddied before for him when he shot 65 or 66, but this today was exciting," Reintgen said. "When all those people rose up cheering around the 18th hole today it was more thrilling and emotional than I've ever felt."

There's no word or phrase that quite describes what it is that Palmer transmits to the galleries. He is one of a kind—different and special. He keeps reinventing the game of golf. Maybe someday he will invent a way to describe himself and what he does to the multitudes of people who come out to watch him.

AND

You never forget your first Girl.





A photograph of a sailboat with a single white sail, sailing on a dark, choppy sea at night. The boat is positioned on the left side of the frame, with its sail catching some light. The background is a deep, dark blue/black, suggesting a night sky or a very dark sea. The overall mood is mysterious and dramatic.

LADY WITH A PAST

Santana was more mistress than yacht to Bogie and other owners. Rescued from ruin, she now has a future, too

by **SARAH PILEGGI**

Santana. Even today a smile softens weathered faces at the mention of her name.

"She was beautiful," says William Solari, a San Francisco lawyer who owned her from 1966 to 1969. "The kind of boat you look at and think, 'I'll go anywhere in the world on that boat.'"

"Did I miss *Santana*?" says Emil (Babe) Lamerdin, who maintained her for almost a decade. "Oh, God, I couldn't even look at her for years afterward."

Humphrey Bogart owned *Santana* for 12 *continued*

years, longer than any of her 11 other owners. He named his movie production company after her, and when he died a glass-encased model of Santana rested where a casket might have been during the memorial service.

Of all the attachments that sportsmen form—for dogs, horses, racing cars—perhaps the strongest is for their boats. A man's love affair with his boat is a form of legitimized adultery. He can lavish care and attention and money on the object of his obsession and still be indulged by a loving wife, children and friends, all of whom know they have no option. Lauren Bacall wrote of her late husband's mania in her autobiography, *By Myself*: "When he bought that boat he was enslaved—happily so—and truly had everything he'd ever dreamed of." Only extremely competitive yachtsmen, the kind who change boats as they change ties, seem impervious to the emotional entanglements of a yacht. And deep in their hardened racers' hearts, probably even they harbor a tender feeling for some long-lost dinghy named *Rosebud*.

Santana, however, seems to have had an exceptional appeal, an appeal that has intensified as the years have passed and lovely old wooden-hulled racing yachts with teak decks and graceful lines have become rarer. Nowadays, when a barrel of chemicals today is a boat tomorrow, the sight of a Honduran mahogany hatch cover gleaming with seven coats of varnish is soul food.

Now in her 46th year, Santana, the dowager queen of San Francisco Bay, rocks serenely at her mooring at the St. Francis Yacht Club, a yacht among boats. Behind her the glittering city rises on hills like a modern Cadiz, and at sunset of a clear day both are washed in gold. Looking at her now, no one would guess that only a few years ago Santana was a battered relic, abandoned by those who had cared for her. Had she not been rescued at the eleventh hour by two determined young men, Tom and Ted Eden, twins, architects and sailors, she would be only a glorious memory.

Santana began her life as a rich man's mistake. William Lyman Stewart Jr. of Pasadena, Calif., was the son of the founder of the Union Oil Company of California and was married to Julia Valentine, of the Pasadena Valentines. They

lived with their two children, Margaret and Bill, on East California Street in a large Monterey colonial house surrounded by orange groves. Stewart had learned to sail as a child on a skiff at his family's summer home on Terminal Island in Los Angeles Harbor. As an adult he and his younger brother, Arthur, became involved in the ownership and renovation of a 62-foot schooner named *Miss Tacoma*, built by the Foss Launch and Tug Co. of Gig Harbor, Wash. The Stewart brothers and their families and friends cruised the waters off Southern California and Mexico, racing occasionally, until Arthur was sent on Union Oil business to China. At that point, W.L., an MIT-trained engineer, bought his brother's share of the boat, redesigned her, and eventually renamed her *Paisano*.

In 1934, when W.L. decided he was ready for a first-class boat, he and Julia traveled East to consult the young de-

signer, Olin Stephens, of Sparkman & Stephens, in New York. Stewart wanted a schooner, Stephens suggested he might be happier with a yawl. Stephens had already designed the celebrated racing yawl *Dorade*, and the days of the schooners were numbered. But Stewart insisted on a schooner, and so a 55-foot stay-sail schooner it was. *Pacific Motor Boat* reported at the time: "...the general purpose of the design was to develop as fast a type of schooner as could be combined with good easy going qualities and comfort below deck."

The new schooner slid off the ways at the Wilmington Boat Works, in Wilmington, Calif., on Oct. 24, 1935. Wilbo, as it was called, was the most famous boatyard on the West Coast in those days

When the Edens (opposite, above) aren't aboard, Tom modernizes his old "pile" of a house, while Ted and Diane enjoy their Victorian confection.





On the day of the launching, Julia and the two children arrived by car from Pasadena with lunches for the Wilbo people while W.L. came directly from his office in downtown Los Angeles. "As you can see," said Julia shortly before she died in 1977, peering closely at a photograph taken that day, "Mr. S was not dressed for sailing." There

uncertain terms that, for luck, the boat's name should have either five or seven letters, that it should be "appropriate in meaning and local in origin," and that he, himself, preferred a name beginning with the same letter as his own, Stewart, dutiful son-in-law that he was, called upon his friends for help, but months passed without a satisfactory suggestion. Finally, with the christening drawing near and desperation setting in, the *National Geographic* arrived in the mail

PHOTOGRAPHS BY
PETER READ MILLER



was no wind that day and the waters of the harbor were flat and oily-looking. The relentless California sun beat down, and Margaret, a chubby little girl of about 10, wearing a plaid dress and dark felt slammer and carrying a bouquet, looks hot and uncomfortable in the picture.

Santana, the name that has always sounded so right for a Southern California boat, was not easily arrived at. The word is a contraction of Santa Ana and refers to the hot wind that often blows in from the desert in the early fall, causing dogs and people to behave peculiarly all over the Los Angeles basin. Julia Stewart's father, W.L. Valentine, a yachtsman himself, let it be known in no

with an article about that meteorological oddity, the Santa Ana, or *Santana*, wind. The perfect name.

Hardly had the schooner *Santana* been launched, however, than Stewart began to think that perhaps Stephens had been right. A yawl would be easier to handle, he told Julia. Maybe the boat should be renigged. But while W.L. pondered, he raced. In 1936 *Santana* was first in her class in the Transpac race to Honolulu. In 1938 Stewart shipped *Santana* to Newport, R.I., for the Bermuda Race, an occasion considered noteworthy enough to be recorded in the *Los Angeles Times*: BILL STEWART HEADS EAST, YACHT CLUB CHIEF AND CREW OFF FOR BERMUDA RACE

continued

SANTANA

continued

JUNE 21 "It will be almost 'the West Against the World' when Bill Stewart takes the helm of *Santana* June 21 to race against a fleet of forty of the finest yachts on the Atlantic seaboard in the Bermuda Race," said the *Times*.

It was not uncommon then for a West Coast yachtsman to buy a boat in the East and race her there, but it was most unusual for a Western boat to make the trip

East, and when that boat did well—well! Alfred F. Loomis wrote in the August, 1938 *Yachting*: "*Santana*, shipped east by W.L. Stewart Jr. of Los Angeles, sailed a fine race and captured the schooner trophy, defeating her nearest competitor of that rig, P.S. du Pont III's *Barkento*, by 4 hours 36 minutes 25 seconds elapsed and 8 hours 55 minutes 25 seconds corrected time."

Barkento, a Stephens yawl, was the overall Bermuda winner that year. *Santana* was ninth on corrected time. Stephens, ordinarily a reserved young man, was so thrilled, according to Julia Stewart, that he threw his arms around W.L.

"It wasn't until the Bermuda Race that it really impacted on Stewart that he had made a mistake," says Robert Keefe, a former commodore of the St. Francis Yacht Club, who in his youth had been a friend of Bill Stewart's and an occasional guest at the house in Pasadena.

"I was the reason he sold *Santana*," said Julia Stewart. "I said I thought it would be a shame to renege her. She was built to be a schooner. I told him, 'You need a bigger boat to accommodate you and your fat old friends. This is too small.' Of course, I was only saying what he wanted to hear."

W.L. listened, and after the '38 Bermuda Race, he consulted again with Stephens. This time the designer came up with a 67-foot yawl that Stewart named *Chubasco*, Spanish for a small storm, or squall. The new boat was delivered in time for the start of the 1939 Transpac to Honolulu and finished first on elapsed time. Meanwhile, *Santana*, thrown over for a new mistress, went back to Wilbo briefly and then was sold, in September 1939, to a San Diego businessman, Charles Isaacs. Isaacs was married at the time to Eva Gabors, that Hollywood Hungarian who always understood that it is just as easy to love a rich man as a poor one. Isaacs held on to *Santana* for two years, during which time he had two small jewel lockers installed in the aft cabin.

George Brent, the actor, bought *Santana* from Isaacs in 1941, thereby launching her in movie society, where she remained, the belle of the Hollywood fleet, for the next 16 years. It was Brent who was responsible for the conversion of

Santana to a yawl. When he consulted with Sparkman & Stephens about the project, they suggested he increase the length of the mast six or eight feet for greater efficiency in light weather. "But he didn't do it," says Babe Lamerdin. "He didn't want to go to the expense, I guess."

Lamerdin is a soft-spoken man of 59 who has worked on the boats of rich men for most of his adult life. His bearded face is deeply creased, and the weathering around his eyes almost hides the pale blue therein. He is a gentle man who rarely speaks ill of anyone. But he also is a hard-nosed, thoroughgoing perfectionist in matters having to do with the maintenance of fine boats.

Today Lamerdin is building a schooner of his own, to a 1929 plan, at a tiny boatyard an hour north of San Francisco. He remembers seeing photographs taken of *Santana* in the '30s, before she was re-rigged. "She was a fabulous-looking schooner," he says. "That hull just takes a schooner rig. And she was very fast. Gene Vigno up here used to sail on *Dorade*. He was on her in 1937 when she sailed a match race with *Santana* to Catalina Island. *Santana* won. She was that fast with a staysail-schooner rig."

George Brent's conversion, which entailed moving the main mast forward and installing big bronze chain plates, was done at Wilbo. According to Keefe, the work was not up to Wilbo's usual high standard. Keefe is a San Franciscan who worked on boats and crewed in Southern California races on his school vacations as early as 1947. "Bob Carlson ran the office in those days," he says. "Carlson was God to the yachting crowd in Southern California. He owned those Hollywood types. He could tell them to fill their cockpits with concrete and then chip it out the next week and they'd do it. The money that went through there was staggering."

Until the Korean War and pleading letters from his mother combined to get Keefe back to San Francisco and into college, he worked on *Santana* and other boats around Los Angeles for 50¢ an hour and raced whenever he could. Because he was small, he spent a good deal of his time keeping the rigging shipshape. "It was really low class down there to have rigging marks on the sails," he says. "On opening day they had an inspection of the yachts. All the officers would line up on the deck of the Newport Harbor Yacht

continued



Sailmaker Teesh checked the world on *Santana*.



Lamerdin, who admired photos of *Santana* as a schooner, is building a schooner to 1929 plans.

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SANTANA
continued

Club in yachting caps and dress blues and they'd award a trophy for the best-looking boat. God, there were beautiful boats in Southern California in those days, all that gleaming varnish and polished brass and sail covers with no wrinkles in them. We'd scrub them with Clorox. Of course they'd rot, but they didn't care, as long as they were white. They had a good group of boats down there then—50- and 60-foot yawls—*Evening Star*, *Santana*, *Jada*, *Odyssey*. They'd go around Catalina and back, or L.A. Harbor to Newport and back. There were no Mexican races then, like Ensenada or Mazatlan or Acapulco. Only Honolulu every other year."

Brent owned *Santana* through the early years of World War II. Though no written record remains of her wartime service, it is sad by some that *Santana*, like many other privately owned yachts, was commandeered by the government in 1942 for submarine scouting duty. The period was known to yachtsmen as their own Battle of Midway.

"They commandeered these boats," says Keefe, "painted them gray, assigned



a Navy officer or two to them, made sure they had working radios and lined them up off Point Arena in the north and Point Conception in the south, every 50 miles for 750 miles out to sea. Often they were manned by their owners and a crew of volunteers. Now, what one of those boats was supposed to do if it was fortunate enough, or unfortunate, as the case may be, to sight a Japanese submarine, I don't know. It was kind of comical, but it was meant to be very serious. There weren't enough patrol planes or boats to go around early in the war. By 1943 there were enough and there was no more need for the yachts."

Keefe doesn't know whether Santana was one of those called up, but a man named Norman Picotte, who lives on a boat in San Leandro, Calif., says he stood watch on Santana during her brief military career, and there seems little reason to doubt him. Someone who knows boats isn't likely to be misled by a coat of gray paint.

In June 1944 Brent sold Santana to Ray Milland, who, according to the records, sold her three months later to Dick Powell. No one knows why Keefe suspects that many of the boats supposedly owned by yachting movie stars in that pe-

riod were in fact owned by the studios and used primarily as publicity vehicles for the stars. Milland, however, was said to be a good sailor.

In December 1945, Bogart acquired Santana from Powell for \$50,000. He had previously owned a cabin cruiser, intelligently named *Sluggo*, and a Dyer sailing dinghy, but now he was ready for the big time. According to George Roosevelt, a West Coast boat enthusiast who raced with him occasionally, Bogart the yachtsman was no product of the Warner Brothers publicity department. He was a good seaman, "one of the finest on the West Coast," and very competitive. Furthermore, Bogart spent a large part of his life on the boat, 45 weekends a year, according to Roosevelt.

A typical weekend on Bogart's Santana began Saturday morning and ended Sunday night. The usual destination was White's Landing or Cherry Cove on Catalina Island, a barren, rocky place, 30 miles out to sea where there was little to do but sit in the sun, swim, eat illegally caught Pacific lobsters and drink. The crossing from Newport or San Pedro took about four hours. Often the crew was Bogart, his skipper, Carl Petersen—a Dane who was also known as Pete,

Kraut, Squarehead or Dum Bum—and two young actors named Jeff Richards and Dewey Martin. Sometimes David Niven, an enthusiastic sailor, went along. According to Nathaniel Benchley's biography, *Humphrey Bogart*, it wasn't always easy to find compatible people with sufficient skill and the inclination to spend two days at a floating stag party. Except on the Fourth of July, when women were invited, the cruises were usually all-male, Bogart once said. "The trouble with having dames along is you can't pee over the side."

Bogart did a lot of local racing with Santana and had a very respectable record against some good boats. Santana and Bogart took first in their class in the San Clemente Island Race of 1950 and first in the 1952 Channel Islands Race of the Voyagers Yacht Club. Small brass plaques, still affixed to the companionway, commemorate both achievements.

The changes Bogart made on Santana were small ones. The most notable among them was a wooden drink holder that fit around the base of the binnacle in the cockpit with 10 highball- and two shoe-glass-sized holes.

Not long ago, a stranger approached Ted Eden, 43, who with his twin Tom

continued

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now owns *Santana*, and said, "You know, Bogart owned that boat." Strangers had said the same thing to the Edens several hundred times before, but Ted replied politely, "Oh, did he?" The stranger said, "Yeah, I used to race against him in Southern California. He only said one word to me. We were becalmed one day when *Santana* blew by us. She had enough headway to make it through. Later I saw Bogart in the bar of the yacht club and I said, 'What makes that boat go like that?' Bogart said, 'Scotch,' and walked away."

To be the owner of *Santana*, now that she is a full-fledged legend, is to be an oral historian, the repository of hundreds of memories. A doctor from Oakland who had crewed on *Santana* in the late '50s and early '60s met the Eden brothers for the first time at a party soon after they had acquired the boat in 1974. "It's not your own boat, you know," he told them. "It's public property. You merely perform a custodial function."

Some of the Bogart/*Santana* lore was studio publicity—shots of Bogart "showing Bacall the ropes," etc. But some was Bogart's own doing. When he formed his production company in 1947 he called it *Santana Productions*, and when he starred with Bacall and Edward G. Rob-

inson in *Key Largo* as a hard-bitten ex-soldier, his boat in the film had *SANTANA* lettered on its transom. It has also been said that the real *Santana* was used in the film *High Society* as the *True Love*, and in *Lady From Shanghai* as the yacht skippered by Orson Welles. Neither story is true, but that is the way of legends. They grow.

Here is a *Santana* story told by Niven in his memoirs, *The Moon's a Balloon*: It was the annual Fourth of July cruise, with wives, to Catalina. Niven and his wife, Hjordis, were aboard *Santana* as guests of the Bogarts. Frank Sinatra and his party were on a chartered cruiser. In the evening Sinatra's boat tied up next to *Santana*, and Sinatra, accompanied by Jimmy Van Heusen on piano, sang, literally, all through the night. People from other boats rowed over in dinghies and sat in a circle around the two yachts, under a full moon, listening, until the sky began to grow light and the singing ended. Then they rowed quietly away.

There must have been other boats in the '50s in Southern California that were just as nice to look at and just as fast and just as much fun, but it was *Santana* that seemed to be enchanted. Even schoolchildren knew her by sight. They also knew Errol Flynn's *Zaca*, but *Santana* was the one they pointed to when she was moored in Newport Harbor and they were on their way to the beach.

After Bogart died in 1957, *Santana* was bought from his estate by Willis E. Short, a San Diego interior decorator. Short raced her locally for about three years and made one striking change in her appearance. He removed two cabinets with doors of diamond-shaped leaded-glass panes that had flanked the entrance to the galley. Short felt the cabinets made the cabin too dark and he replaced them with translucent panels. Lamerdin, who later removed Short's improvements, said, "When Mr. Short bought it, being in the decorating business, he put in one of those fiber-glass things with seahorses and seaweed on it, you know? On both sides. With a light behind. It was like being in a shower."

After Short came Brigadier General W.H. (Wally) Nickell, U.S. Army, Ret., an independent oilman from Sacramento, a man Lamerdin describes as "the keenest little guy." Lamerdin and a partner owned a small boatyard in San Rafael then. Babe had maintained Nickell's var-

ious boats and had done odd jobs for him, but in 1960, when Nickell bought *Santana*, Lamerdin went to work for him full time. Together they took part in two Transpac races, 1961 (St. Sept. 25, 1961) and 1963, and three Mazatlan races, but the results were only moderately satisfying. By then, *Santana* and the other ocean racers of her vintage were outclassed by modern boats, but being a good heavy-weather boat, she continued to do well on San Francisco Bay, racing as many as 20 times in a season. She even won the championship for Class A boats one season in the early 60s. But the old Cruising Club of America rule that had governed handicapping for offshore racing was being challenged by new boats designed to take advantage of loopholes in the rule, and the sport was changing. Boats became obsolete almost as fast as they could be built. The racing days of wooden-hulled yachts would soon be over.

Today *Santana* is an unique. A few years ago Lamerdin looked around the St. Francis Yacht Club and said, "See that one, Ballyhoo, the orange and green one over there? She goes to windward at maybe 28 degrees. *Santana* might sail at 36 degrees, 32 if you're lucky. If you get up too high, the boat stops. Those old boats just can't compete."

Nickell was a very competitive fellow, but he also knew how to enjoy himself. Lamerdin remembers running down the Santa Barbara Channel one night on the way from San Francisco to Newport Beach. Nickell and a friend, a doctor from Oakland, were enjoying the evening. "It was a nice night," says Lamerdin. "The moon and everything, blowing nice and hard; the boat was flying along. These two guys finished dinner and they were sitting up in the cockpit drinking brandy and smoking cigars, and just laughing like little kids, two of 'em, just having the greatest time. The crew couldn't go to sleep for fear they were going to wreck us."

In the end, though, Nickell, the competitor, became frustrated. He wanted a faster boat, so in 1966 he sold *Santana* to William S. Solari, a wealthy San Francisco attorney. Lamerdin, given a choice between going with Nickell or staying with *Santana*, chose *Santana* and went to work for Solari.

"Babe to me is *Santana*," says Solari. "Our first time out we won the Farallone Race. That was the best we ever did in an

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important race." *Santana* raced three times in the St. Francis Y.C. Perpetual or "big boat" series, and once each in the Mazatlan and the Acapulco races. "I don't remember where we finished in either of those races, but we had a marvelous time," says Solari. "I used to fish off the stern. People will usually tell you that ocean racers don't fish, but I did. And I caught some wonderful mahimahi."

"Once we did pretty well, a third or fourth, I think, during the series here on the Bay," says Babe. "Pretty good, considering we were racing against *Baranus*, *Audacious* and *Kialoa II*, some of the big guys. After one race Bill was talking to his wife, Marion, and he said, 'Gee, I don't know what to do. I talked to this guy, and he said, 'You got to raise the main boom up about four feet'—that was a kind of a fad at one time, to cut the sail area down they were raising the booms way up in the air—and another guy said, 'You got to go to a double head rig.' Marion said, 'Hey, Bill, who won the Mazatlan race the last year that we were in it?' He said, 'Gee, I don't remember.' She said, 'See, a year later nobody remembers.' Bill said, 'You're right,' and so he didn't do anything."

Marion Solari was famous in San Francisco circles, social and boating, for her Sunday sailing luncheons on *Santana*. "They were exquisite," says Liz Robinson, a writer and Babe's longtime companion. "She would invite 16 of her nearest and dearest and most intimate friends."

"We did a lot of that," says Solari. "We'd take a lunch and some friends and two or three in crew and we'd anchor in the lee of Angel Island."

Solari's most ambitious project was entering *Santana* in the 1968 Bermuda race, 30 years after her triumphant debut there. Babe and Liz took her from Cozumel off the east coast of Mexico around to New York and then up to the Ida Lewis Yacht Club in Newport, R.I. In Miami they picked up a professional cook who was on his way to New York to start a new job and who claimed he was an old

sailing hand. "We were on our way out Government Cut in Miami," says Lamerdin, "and the guy said, 'Aren't you going up the inside?' When I said no, he said, 'Oh, my God, I have a heart condition,' and after that he never did a thing the whole trip. We'd say, 'Do you want something to eat?' and he'd say, 'Oh, no, I can't eat,' and he'd sneak into the galley and stuff himself."



Dick Pirelli, who owned *Santana* in 1966-67, checks out a chart with wife, Jane Abrams. He bought the yacht from Ray Millard.

In June, Solari's crew assembled in Newport and set off for Bermuda. Said Solari, "We performed very poorly... I zipped when everybody zagged."

Lamerdin threw his back out heaving sails just before the start of the race and was replaced by Dennis Riegler, a manufacturer of boating equipment. After the race Riegler paid a visit to an old friend, Bert Darrell, who owned a tiny boatyard in Hamilton Harbor. Riegler took along a broken spreader to be replaced. Their conversation, as related by Lamerdin, went like this:

Darrell: "You came in the race?"

Riegler: "Yeah."

Darrell: "On what?"

Riegler: "Oh, you wouldn't know it. It's an oldtimer."

Darrell: "What one?"

Riegler: "*Santana*."

Darrell: "Oh, *Santana*, huh. Wouldn't know her, huh."

Whereupon Darrell climbed up to a loft and, after searching through the dust and lumber for a few moments, found an old broken spreader. "Here is the spreader I replaced on the *Santana* when she was here in 1938," he called down in triumph to Riegler.

The following June, with some regret, Solari, too, sold *Santana*. In a year and a half he and his family had been on board

their boat a total of two months. "We all loved the boat," says Solari. "But racing was in a period of transition. They were bringing out one hot-rod type of boat after another and I didn't know which way to jump, forward or backward, and I didn't want to jump sideways. Some people have enough money to try this and if it doesn't work, to try something else. I didn't."

Solari was the last owner to race *Santana* seriously and also the last, until the Eden brothers, to treat her like a treasure. Her next owner, Charlie Peet, was part owner of a restaurant in Sausalito. He paid approximately \$37,000 for her and he sailed her for fun, his own and that of his friends. Early one Monday morning in September 1969, well before

down, he and his wife and four friends were returning under power to San Francisco from the Monterey Jazz Festival. They were three miles outside the Golden Gate when someone spotted a tiny light bobbing in the darkness. When they drew nearer to investigate, they found five nearly dead men clinging to four life jackets; one had a flashlight. The five, all bartenders, had set out for Los Angeles three hours earlier and just outside the Gate their boat had sunk under them. They had drifted on the outgoing tide and had run out of hope and strength just as *Santana* happened by. One of the men still carries a laminated card in his wallet that says, "God is alive and sailing on the *Santana*." And whenever any of that *Santana* crew walks into 12 Adler Place, a San Francisco bar, the bartender shouts, "Here comes my savior!"

Peet was adventure-prone. If it didn't find him, he went looking for it. In 1971,

continued

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SANTANA

continued

he, his wife, Marty, Jim Leech, a young sailor who works in a Sausalito sail loft, and Leech's girlfriend at the time ("She split in Tahiti") set off on *Santana* to sail around the world. The trip took more than two years. They picked up help in ports along the way—surfers, wharf rats, "a guy from the Seychelles." Everywhere they went they found people who knew *Santana*.

"At Rarotonga in the Cook Islands," says Leech, "a godforsaken hole, middle of nowhere, a photographer met us. He kept asking weird questions. Turned out, his mother, who ran a shop there, had told him she lost her virginity on the *Santana* in Avalon in 1945. You meet all kinds. In New Zealand a guy said, 'That's not the original mast.' He didn't ask, he told us. He said, 'I have the original plans. My father was a naval architect. He was going to build one just like it and so he wrote to Sparkman & Stephens for the plans.'"

Their biggest scare was losing the mizzenmast in a storm between Fiji and New Zealand. "The wind was blowing about 85 knots," says Leech. "I thought *Santana* was a goner. The mizzen was under the boat, threatening to hang a hole in the hull. We all thought it was gone, but we got it back on board and the sail wasn't even ripped."

Santana survived her 40,000-mile voyage, but barely. The last leg, from Cabo San Lucas in Baja California to San Francisco, was the worst. It blew so hard that the boat couldn't move to windward. Three times they set out from Cabo and three times they were beaten back. Finally, Marty Peet blew home, in tears, friends say, unable to bear any longer the beating the old boat was taking. She once told Tom and Ted Eden that she was so distraught she talked to the boat, saying, "Don't worry, we'll get you home and back among your friends."

When Peet returned to San Francisco, he sold *Santana* to one M. Lloyd Carter, a "drama therapist" from Marin County, for \$50,000. Carter had it in his head that he, too, was going to sail her around the world. Happily for *Santana*, the trip was canceled.

According to Lamerdin, at one point Carter couldn't get the engine started,



According to Bobcat, when he bought *Santana*, Rogers "had everything he'd ever dreamed of."

so he asked Babe for help. "I said, 'I haven't been on that boat for so many years I don't know whether I know where all the things are, but I'll take a look.' I crawled down in the engine room and I just couldn't believe it. It was a *pu*. Full of grease and old empty oil cans lying around. I just left. I said, 'I can't start it, you'd better get a mechanic.'"

Such was the condition in 1974 of a once beautiful boat, the enchanted boat on which the California sun always shone. *Santana* had been used hard by her last two owners, and she had been forced to exist for six years without the loving care of a Babe Lamerdin. She leaked badly. Forty-four of her 125 ribs were broken. She had popped a plank off Pigeon Island during the round-the-world cruise and the repairs had been shoddy. Her bolts were corroded and the screws needed replacing. Her future looked bleak indeed. Who in these days of inflation and high taxes would take on an old boat, well past her prime, a boat no longer a contender for glitzy prizes, and restore her to her former state? Who would know enough? Who would care enough? Who would spend enough?

Enter Thomas F. and Theodore A. Eden, successful young architects with backgrounds in structural engineering,

students of Frank Lloyd Wright, antiquarians, restorers of old houses, tall, blond, good-looking twins, lifelong sailors, with clients as diverse as the Bank of America, the U.S. Navy and the Oakland Zoo. (For the last they designed a gorilla sanctuary.)

The Edens paid Carter \$50,000 for *Santana* in June 1974, and in the next 18 months they spent \$60,000 more on her. They rigged, rebolted, rewired, overhauled, replanked, repaired, redrilled, refastened, recaulked and revarnished—and to save money they did much of the work themselves. They dealt with the weakened ribs by installing new ribs next to the old ones, transferring stress from the shrouds to the keel. Where once she was known as a wet boat, now, they say, she is tight as a drum.

In the early days of the restoration, the Edens hired one man, Ralph Lucas, to work full time on *Santana* at a boatyard in San Leandro. They pressed their young nephews, Frank and Paolo Bergamaschi, then both students at Berkeley, into service in exchange for the use of a cottage in Suto Forest. And the twins themselves worked every weekend.

One day Lucas was working on the planking with an electric grinder when an elderly man approached, a codger by Lucas' description. The codger asked if the boat was the *Santana*. Lucas grunted a yes and kept on grinding. He was in a foul temper, a mood brought on by the seeming endlessness of the job.

"I once worked on that boat," said the codger.

"That's the trouble with this boat," growled Lucas. "Too many jackasses have worked on it."

"I'm not a jackass," said the codger, who was in fact Norman Phonte. "I'm a master shipwright, and I worked on that boat at the Wilmington Boatworks and we didn't use grinders like these young jackasses. We used fairing planes."

Santana was hauled out of the water three times that first year. The goal was to have her ready in time for the 1975 Master Mariners Regatta, a glorious event held every year on San Francisco Bay in the last week of May. More than 100 sailboats, all of them either pre-

continued

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World War II vintage or replicas of that era (the oldest are the sloops *Freeda* and *Adelaide*, both built in 1885), race from the St. Francis Yacht Club across the Bay to a mark off Sausalito. Then they proceed back to the city front off the Presidio, sail around marks off Alcatraz and Angel Island, go back up to Sausalito, and finally return along the city front

and fog from the Pacific into San Francisco Bay through the narrow passageway of the Golden Gate. When that happens, the San Francisco sailing season is on. The winds of summer and early fall are so strong and tricky that it is said, "If you can sail San Francisco Bay you can sail anywhere."

"The thing about the Bay," says Tom Eden, "is you can be in the densest of fogs, where you can't even see the bow, and suddenly there will be a canyon in the fog, with sunshine and blue sky above, and then the fog closes in again."

In the fall, when the valleys begin to cool, the winds die and the racing season is over, but cruising to Sausalito for the evening, or picnicking at anchor in Hospital Cove in the lee of Angel Island, goes on for a while longer. "We sometimes stay out until two or three in the morning, just because it's nice," says Ted. "Everybody has fun on *Santana*. If you have to be back at a certain time, you don't belong aboard."

Leech, who had crewed on *Santana's* round-the-world cruise, holds to the theory that restoring old yachts is part of the arts and crafts revival, "nostalgia, living in the country, all that. Like restoring a Victorian instead of buying a new condo. It fits in." Leech himself is involved both professionally and avocationally with new boats, the newer and faster the better, but he says, "Santana is a yacht in the grand tradition. All that teak and varnished mahogany. That's what a 'yacht' should look like. The new boats are sort of boxy and efficient. They compare like a Chevy to a Stutz Bearcat."

Commodore Keefe, once general manager of the Barient Corporation, manufacturer of high quality winches, backstay adjusters, halyard reels and the like, waxes almost romantic on the subject of wooden hulls. "I was fortunate to start my life on the waterfront around yachts," he says. "We don't have yachts anymore. We have boats. And there's a helluva big difference. I feel sorry for the kids today [here he waves an arm in the direction

of a group of youths, the cream of the St. Francis Yacht Club racing crop]. All they know is boats."

The Edens were once those same kids. They raced Thrushes and Lightnings on Biscayne Bay in Miami and grew up thinking they knew all about sailing. "We intend to return *Santana* to the condition in which Mr. Stewart kept her," said Ted recently. In fact, the Edens still haven't formally invited Lamerdin aboard for an inspection tour, even though he isn't far away. The reason is embarrassment. The boat isn't yet perfect.

The Edens are the same way about their houses. Ted and his wife, Duane, a decorator, live in one of the most spectacular Victorian homes in San Francisco, a sparkling white confection on Pierce Street, which they have renovated from basement to cupola with an attention to detail beyond the ken of normal folk. Meanwhile, Tom is working on the conversion of a big house with breathtaking views of the city, changing it from a dark, old-fashioned pile into an aerie of glass and redwood that bears the mark of his mentor, Frank Lloyd Wright.

The twins spent two years as architectural fellows at the Wright ateliers in Wisconsin and Arizona, Taliesin East and West, before moving to San Francisco in 1963. Now they have their own firm, Eden & Eden, and their offices occupy the top floor of a restored brick warehouse on the Embarcadero whose tall, arched windows look out on the Bay. *Santana* is never far from their thoughts nor more than 10 minutes by car from any part of their lives. On the bookshelves in their office two volumes of *American Practical Navigator* reside comfortably next to *Leaves of Grass*, *Chinese Household Furniture* and *Frank Lloyd Wright to 1910*. On top of the shelves are *Santana's* six Master Mariners trophies, and on the wall are four photographs of *Santana* under sail.

The Edens have a glamorous existence. They live in style and they enjoy themselves at play. They are not rich men, not like many of *Santana's* other owners. They are not heirs, or oilmen, or movie stars. In a way, the Edens are a cross between W. L. Stewart and Babe Lamerdin. They are yachtsmen and craftsmen, and the combination is just what an old boat needs. *Santana* will be around, closing up the waterfront wherever she goes, for a long time now.



A model of *Santana* was placed on the altar call at a service for Borgart conducted by Rev. Kormik Costellovics.

to the finish line at the yacht club.

Santana not only made it into the water for that 1975 race, she won. From her starting position far to the rear, she made her way through the entire fleet, passing every boat, except one that had had an hour's head start. "It was really fun going past all those boats your first time out," says Ted Eden with a laugh.

Since then she has won five more times. She won in 1979, when the wind was a whisper, and she won in 1980 and again this year, when it was gusting to 35 knots.

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Edited by GAY FLOOD

BULLFIGHTING

Sir:

Has your magazine been so paralyzed by the baseball strike that you must stoop to covering bullfighting (El Texano Comes of Age, July 6)? If in the future you can find no better topic than this, please leave the pages blank. It would be a vast improvement over the glorification of the torturing of bulls, pictures of blood-soaked animals and the praising of a young matador brainwashed into believing that the killing of a bull is in any way associated with becoming a man.

GEORGE R. CORNIER
Taunton, Mass.

Sir:

Sport connotes a contest between equals, with equal opportunity to display skills and equal freedom and motivation to compete. Your article is about the humiliation, torture and ritualized slaughter of an animal by a human masquerading as a "macho" athlete. Let the matadors start competing against other people with equal ability and like motive. I'd like to see one of these brave men climb into the ring with a Thomas, Hearns or a Ray Leonard. The myth of courage would give way to the reality of cowardice and cruelty that is the bullfighter's true measure.

I've been a subscriber for close to 10 years. As far as I'm now concerned, you can consider that subscription canceled.

PAUL FELDBERGEN
Huntington, Conn.

Sir:

The article on David Renk should not have appeared in your otherwise fine magazine. I am an avid hunter, but hunting promotes a clean and sporting kill, not the cruel and grotesque methods by which matadors dispatch the bulls.

MARK NEWMAN
Lincoln, Neb.

Sir:

"Ove repugnant" Bullfighting and boxing (Clearing the Way for the Big Payday) in the same issue! At least you could have spared us one of these bloody pastimes.

GREG KENNEY
Paway, Calif.

Sir:

As an aficionado and collector of bullfight literature, I was delighted with Ramsey Conrad III's article about David Renk. No summary of American bullfighters can be complete, however, without at least some reference to the most successful matador born in this country Jesús (Chucho) Córdova was born of Mexican parents in Winfield, Kans. in 1927. He enjoyed success in Spain and

Mexico and survived several serious goring. On one particularly memorable day in San Luis Potosí, Mexico he was so successful with a Santo Domingo bull that he was awarded not only two ears but also the tail and a hoof.

ROSS A. PHELPS
President
Taunton Bibliophiles of America
La Crescent, Minn.

THE STRIKE (CONT.)

Sir:

I'd like to respond to the letter from William T. Ocel (19TH HOLE, July 6), who referred to today's baseball players as "overpriced, egotistical and self-indulgent." I'm 31 years old, a college graduate (Florida Southern, class of 1972) with a B.S. in business management. I have worked at the same job for 11 years: pro baseball player. My average salary for my first seven seasons in the minor leagues was \$6,600 per year. Overpriced? After Marvin Miller, our union leader, bargained for a new Basic Agreement in the summer of 1976, an agreement the owners accepted, I became an "Attachment 11" player—that is, a player covered by the 11th addendum to the agreement—which enabled me to leave the Yankee minor league system, where I had languished after being traded by the Texas Ranger organization in January 1977, and become a free agent in November 1977. I now have played nearly 3½ seasons in the majors with the White Sox, and my average salary from 1971 to 1981 is way up to \$25,000 per year. Overpriced?

Unions run our country, and we bullplayers have a very strong one. We don't want to return to the dark ages of baseball that existed from 1900 to 1970. If Mr. Ocel or anyone else wants robots in the field, let him invent them. If he can't, then let him accept the players as free enterprise Americans: pursuing a living in our capitalistic society.

This strike is not designed to benefit players who have signed multi-million-dollar, multi-year contracts. They have already received the benefits of their free agency, and if a secret ballot were taken, I believe many of them might vote not to strike. Instead, the strike is for the benefit of all those present and future players who may become free agents.

GREG FRYOR
Infielder
Chicago White Sox
Chicago

THE SPLENDID SPLINTER

Sir:

What a joy it was to read something on Ted Williams once again (Ted Williams at

Midstream, June 29). Shivers went up my spine when I saw that magic name. Thanks to John Underwood for a masterpiece.

DUANE F. NORRBERG
Salina, Kan.

Sir:

You made quite a catch with your story on the greatest hitter of all time. You snared a wide-eyed, openmouthed baseball sap who is starved by the strike for baseball stories. You got me hook, line and sinker. But of the 987 lines on 11 pages of text, only 109 had anything to do with baseball. May your wading boots develop a major leak.

MIRA MISSANELLI
Beverly Hills, Pa.

Sir:

Anyone who believes that great sportswriting is a lost art has not read Ted Williams in *Midstream*. John Underwood did a superb job. I'll bet he even made Williams happy.

RICHARD M. VICTOR
New York City

Sir:

The man with the eye patch of whom Ted Williams spoke was probably Lewis W. Douglas. An eminent businessman and diplomat, Douglas was Ambassador to Great Britain, not Ireland, when he lost his eye.

WALTER GUZZARDI JR.
Shelter Island, N.Y.

GUTHRIE SPEAKS UP

Sir:

In his article on Shirley Muldowney (*The Best Man for the Job Is a Woman*, June 22), Sam Moses has inserted an attack on my abilities and accomplishments as a driver. He says:

That I have made three starts in the Indianapolis 500. Correct. Three starts in what many people believe to be the most prestigious race in the world, a race for which there are usually more than 90 entrants, of which some 60 make qualifying attempts and of which only the fastest 33 start the race.

That I came in 29th in 1977. Correct. Somewhere around the 10th lap a valve seat broke. In what way does the author justify the implication that this failure should be ascribed to the driver?

That I finished ninth in 1978. Correct. I came in ninth in a car that George Bigsotti, the master Indy-car constructor who sold it to me, said should qualify at 190 mph. I qualified at 190.325. The front-row times that year were all more than 200 mph. What one does with an inherently slower car is drive the hell out of it, hoping that a good finish will get one a better car next time. In fact, we lost two laps—and two positions—in the pits because

continued



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19TH HOLE continued

cause of a blocked fuel-supply vent, and I drove with a fractured right wrist.

That I failed to finish in 1979. Correct. Four melted pistons.

That I failed to qualify in 1976. Correct. In a car that even Tom Bagelow, currently the albino leader in number of sprint-car victories, had not been able to run fast enough to qualify the previous year. Bagelow went on to qualify in another car.

That I failed to qualify in 1980 "despite having a strong car." The qualifying attempt I made, with a three-lap average fast enough to sit in the fifth row, was waved off by my crew. Those three laps were the fastest officially timed laps ever recorded for the car, faster than the times attained later in the year by the other team driver on a faster track (Omarion) in a second car of the same design.

The author also implies cynicism in my induction into the Women's Sports Hall of Fame by pointing out that I serve on the advisory board of the Women's Sports Foundation, whose director was a member of the Hall's 10-member nominating committee. The selection committee, however, consisted of more than 70 representatives of the sports media, and a majority vote by these print, radio and television reporters was required for induction. Yet Moses says, "Guthrie has more respect from the [Hall of Fame] committee than from her fellow drivers." Anonymous drivers, of course. Here are published quotes from non-anonymous drivers:

"I think she has done a hell of a job!"—Mario Andretti in 1977.

"There is no question about her ability to race with us."—Cale Yarborough in 1977.

"Asked to name competitors against whom he did not mind battling inches apart at 200 miles per hour, Sneva said, 'Foye—and Janet Guthrie. They know their equipment, and they know how to drive.'"—Tom Sneva, as quoted in the Richmond (Va.) Times-Dispatch, Dec. 5, 1980 by Bill Millsaps.

Moses says, "[They] recognize her for what she is on the track: a stroker, the antithesis of a racer." That's the author's opinion. I find it contemptible.

JANET GUTHRIE
New York City

Sir:

Thank you for the very interesting and informative story on Shirley Muldowney. Thanks also to Shirley for admitting she has "that kick-ass attitude" that a lot of guys don't have and that no other women will admit to having. My husband, an amateur drag racer, hates her for it, and I love her for it.

VONN RASHNIK
Huron, Ohio

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